

STORIES CHILDREN WILL LOVE - ALL IN COLOUR

Once Upon a Time

Annual 1971





Once Upon A 19

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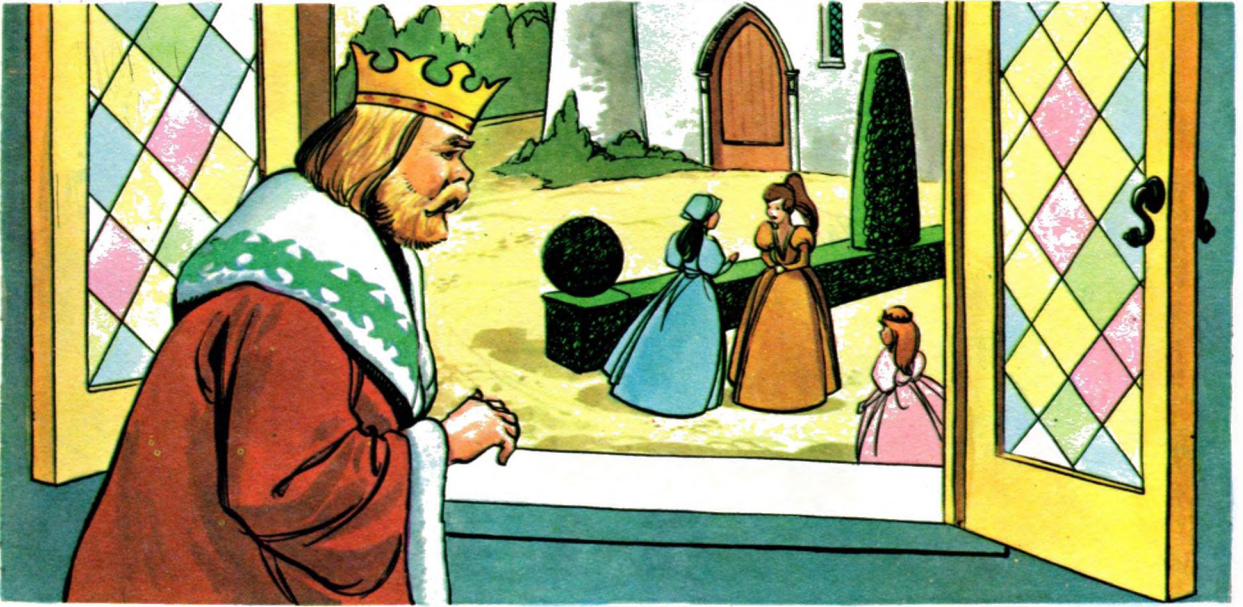
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The Dancing Princesses



1. Long, long ago there lived a king who had several beautiful daughters. He loved them all very dearly and would never have changed them for anything in the whole world. But he was very worried about them.

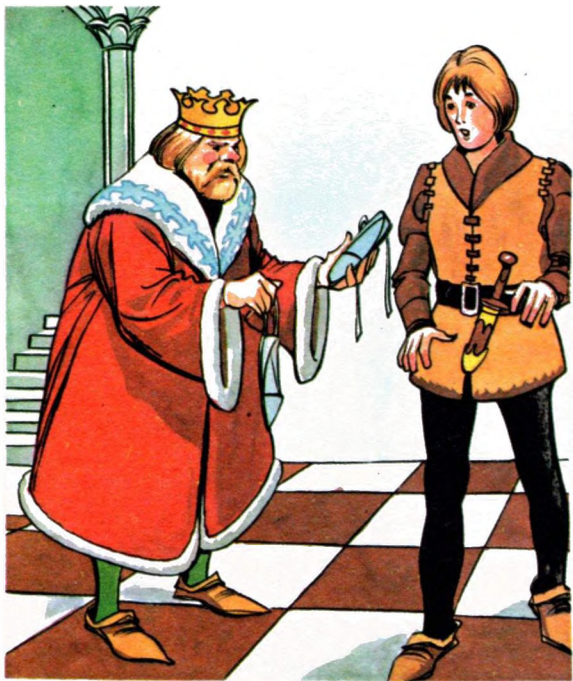
2. He could not find out where they went at night. They all slept in one big room with the door carefully locked and bolted, and it seemed there was no way out. But each morning their slippers were always full of big holes.



3. "It's the same every day, Majesty," said one of the chambermaids, showing the king some of the slippers. "It's just as if they'd been dancing all night, but with their door locked it's just not possible."



4. In despair, the king told his heralds to go out and proclaim that if any man could find out where the princesses went at night, he could marry one of the princesses and become ruler of the kingdom.



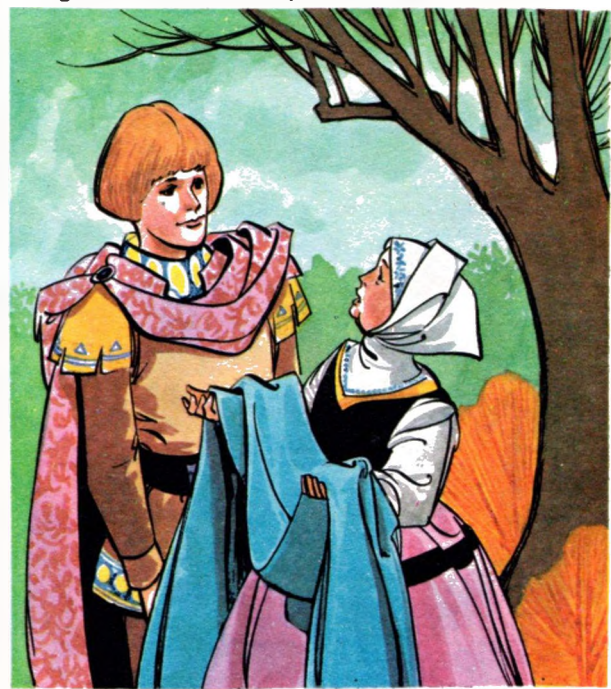
5. A young prince went to try his luck, but he fell asleep. Next day when he woke up the princesses' shoes were full of holes again. "You have failed," the king said to him. "And for those who fail there is punishment, so you will be sent to prison."



6. The unlucky prince was taken down into the dungeons to stay there for a time. "I cannot understand what happened to me," he said to the jailer. "I can usually keep awake if I want to, but last night I fell asleep while on guard outside the princesses' bedroom."



7. The young prince was not alone in his dungeon cell for long. Two others came to join him. Both had failed to find out about the princesses and both admitted that while on guard outside the bedroom door they had fallen into a long deep sleep.



8. The fourth young man was lucky enough to meet an old woman on the road who took a liking to him. "Remember not to drink the wine one of the princesses will offer you," she said. "But pretend to fall asleep. Now, take this cloak which will make you invisible."

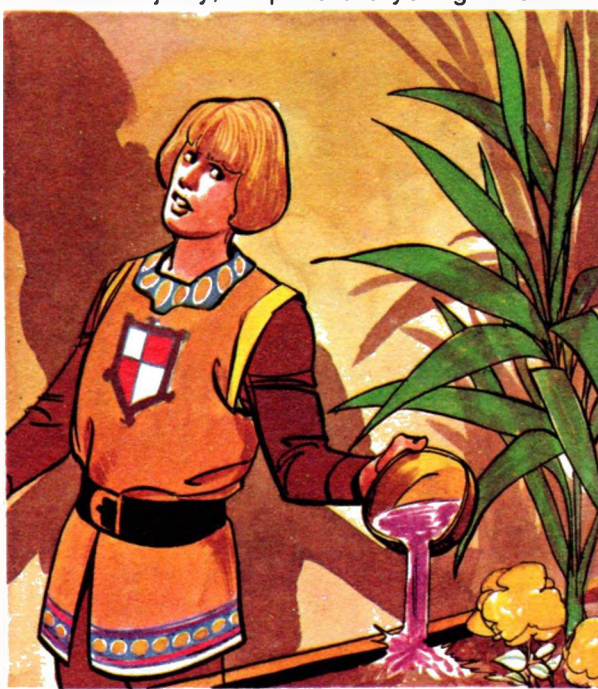


9. The young nobleman thanked her and went on to the palace. There he shared a place at the table of the king and princesses. When the meal was over, the princesses kissed their father goodnight and tripped off to their room.

10. "Now is the time for you to be cleverer than all the others who have tried before you to find out my daughters' secret," said the king. "But do not forget—if you fail, then you will be flung into prison." "I am not afraid, Your Majesty," replied the young fellow.



11. Then he went upstairs to take up his position for the night. And he seemed quite delighted when the eldest princess brought him a bowl of wine. "It is most kind of you, princess," he murmured. "I shall enjoy it with the greatest pleasure."



12. But when the princess went into the bedroom to join her sisters, the young man was quick to tip the contents of the bowl away. He could hear the princesses giggling among themselves. "I hope, tomorrow, that I shall be laughing," he said to himself.



13. Having poured away the wine, he sat down in a chair and closed his eyes. Soon he had every appearance of being in a deep sleep. It deceived the eldest princess when she popped out to have a look. "The potion worked," she smiled.



14. Then she went back to her sisters. "He will not disturb us tonight," she told them. However, the youngest sister looked worried. "I feel uneasy," she said. The eldest one opened a trapdoor in the floor. "There's nothing to be uneasy about," she replied.



15. Meanwhile, the young man had got to his feet and had slipped on the magic cloak which made him invisible. Thus he was able to follow the princesses along a passage which led beneath the palace and came out in the open countryside beyond.



16. The young man found himself in a grove of beautiful trees. The leaves and branches were all of sparkling silver. Wishing to take back proof of where he had been, he broke off a small sparkling branch. It broke with a sharp crack.



17. The youngest princess cried out in sudden alarm at the sound. "Did you not hear that crack?" she asked. "I am sure all is not well." The other sisters glanced round the grove but, of course, they did not see anyone

18. "There is nobody following us, you silly goose," laughed the eldest sister. "You are much too jumpy tonight. But come along and let us not tarry here any longer. We have come out to dance, not to listen to strange noises and my feet are eager to get started."



19. With the blue cloak still making him unable to be seen, the young man hurried along behind the princesses. He came to a wood where the trees were even more beautiful, for their leaves were gleaming gold. Again, he broke off a small branch.

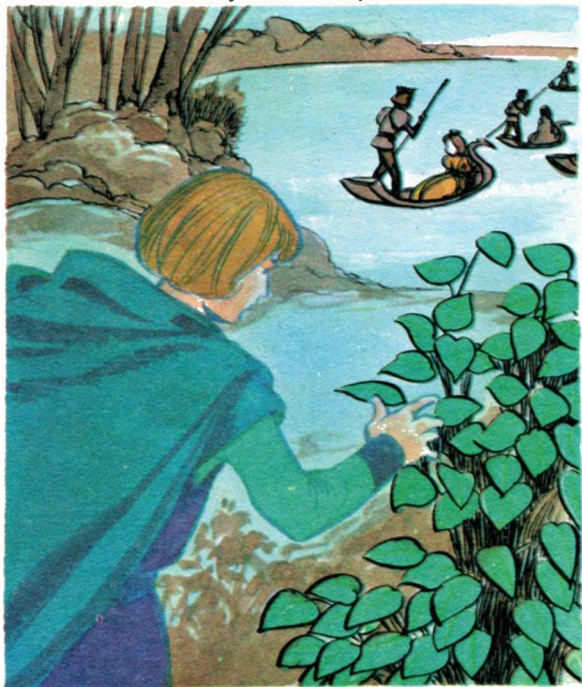
20. The sudden sharp crack of the branch made another of the princesses turn round in fear. "What was that?" she asked. "I cannot see anybody but I have a feeling that we are being followed." Again the voice of the eldest sister told her not to be so silly.



21. On they went to a third small grove of trees and the young man was astonished to find that the leaves had glittering diamonds on them. "I must have a branch of this," he said to himself. "People will not believe what I say without proof."



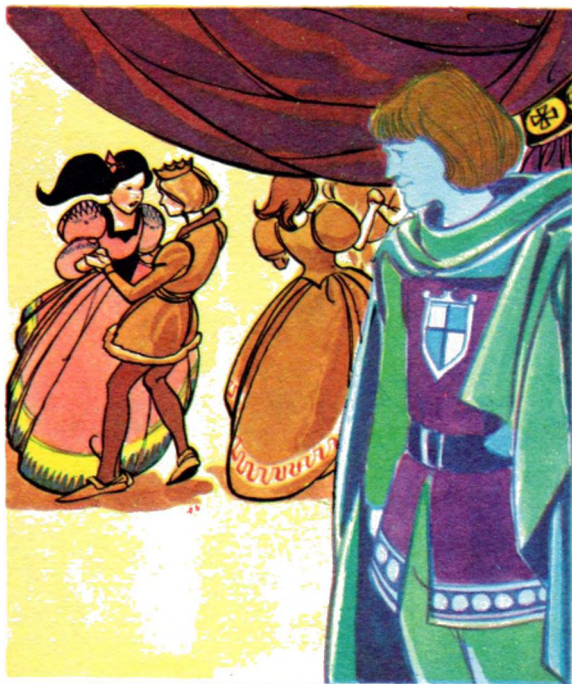
22. The branch of the diamond tree made an even sharper crack. One of the princesses gave a jump and looked startled. "I heard it, as plain as plain—the breaking of a tree branch," she exclaimed. But once more the eldest sister told her not to imagine things.



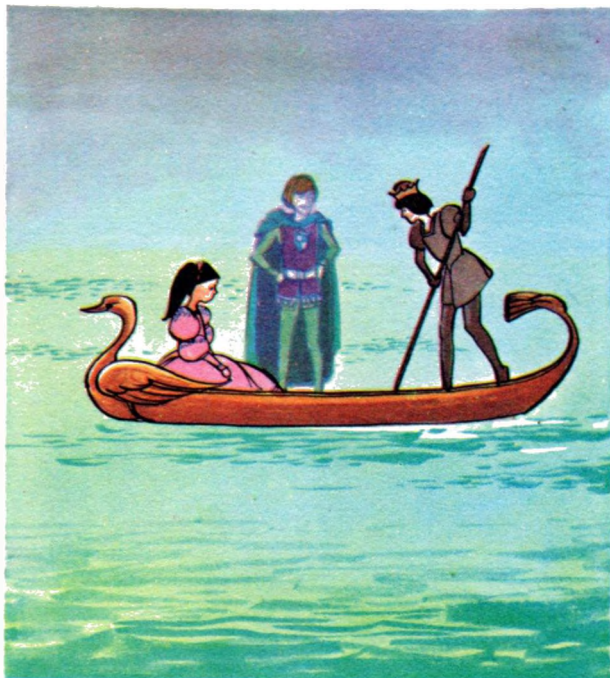
23. At last they reached a wide lake and here small boats were waiting, each one rowed by a handsome prince. One princess stepped into each boat, which then skimmed over the water to a palace on the other side. The young man watched all this.



24. When the youngest princess took her seat in the last boat, he did a quick run forward and stepped in, too. The prince in charge of the boat could not see him, but he said, "I do not know why, but it is much harder to push the boat along than usual."



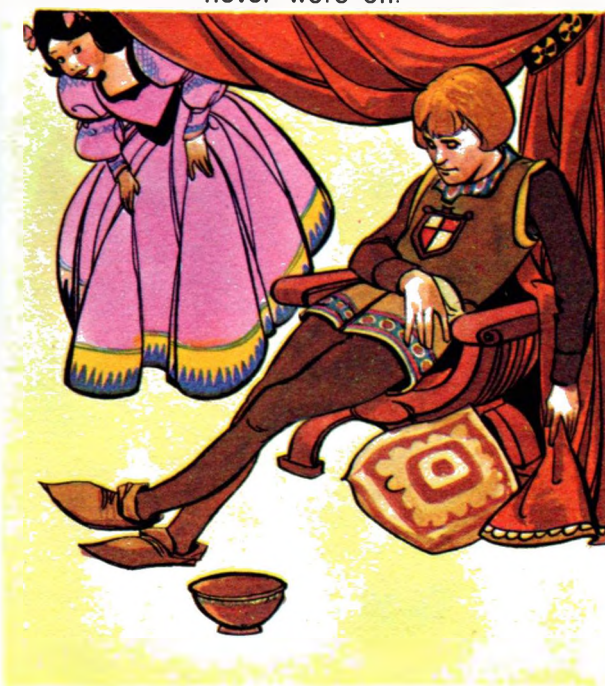
25. Then at last, the secret of the dancing princesses was revealed. They reached a palace on the other side of the lake and there they danced and danced all night long. "No wonder their slippers become worn out," said the young man.



26. When it was time to return, the princesses got into their boats—and the young man again travelled back with the youngest one. He was still not able to be seen, for that invisible cloak had a powerful magic which never wore off.



27. The return journey was completed and the young man was quick to be the first back into the royal palace. With the broken-off branches beneath his invisible cloak, he fairly flew up the stairways to the spot where he was keeping guard.



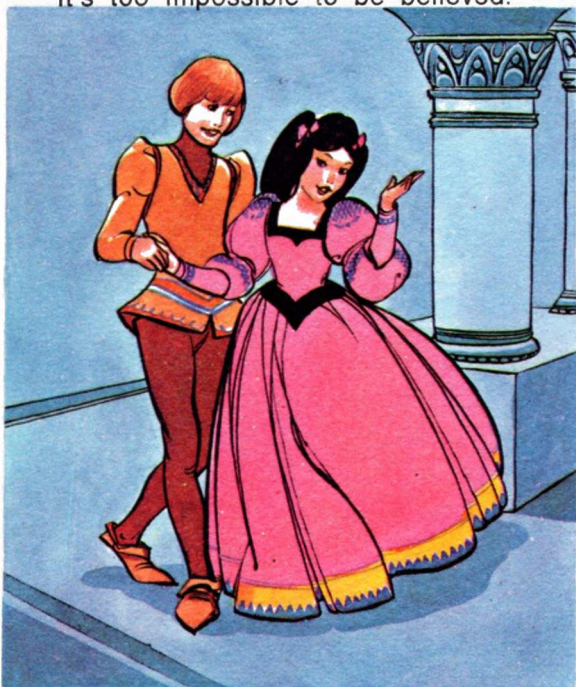
28. Off came the magic cloak and down into the chair he slumped, as though fast asleep. "The poor fellow has been in dreamland all night long," smiled the eldest princess, taking a peep at him. "Little does he know where we have been."



29. But next day, the young man went to the king and told him everything that had taken place. "You speak of crossing a lake and forests of trees with leaves of diamonds and gold and silver?" said the king. "It's too impossible to be believed."



30. "Then I must prove it to Your Majesty," smiled the young man. And he produced the three tree-branches which he had snapped off. "They are indeed covered with silver, gold and diamond leaves," gasped the astonished king. "Now I do believe your strange tale."



31. The king sent for the princesses and they had to admit that their secret had been found out. So the king asked the young man to choose one of his sweet daughters as his bride. "Then I must choose the eldest of them," he replied.



32. So the clever young man, thanks mostly to the invisible cloak, revealed the mystery of the worn slippers of the dancing princesses. But at least the eldest one was not sorry, for she enjoyed all the dancing she wanted as the happy wife of the young man.



BRER RABBIT

How Brer Rabbit tricked Brer Fox
AND Brer Bear.

NOW once there was a time when Brer Fox fancied growing gooseberries, which he liked very much.

So straight away he set to work and dug the earth and planted some fine young gooseberry bushes. Then he watered them well and waited for them to grow. He spent a lot of time taking out the weeds, and the bushes got bigger and bigger.

Of course, Brer Rabbit watched what was going on, and when the bushes had grown and the gooseberries were ripe, I'm sure you can guess who it was who came round, licking his lips and sneaking in and taking some of the delicious gooseberries when Brer Fox was not looking.

It was Brer Rabbit, of course. The little scamp!

There just happened to be a round hole in the fence and Brer Rabbit found it very easy to slip through it into the gooseberry patch. Then there would be sounds of eating and munching and cries of "Yummy-

yummy!" until Brer Rabbit had had enough.

By that time his little tummy was bigger than when he went in, so it was always a bit of a struggle to get back through the hole.

Well, Brer Fox soon noticed that somebody was gobbling up his lovely gooseberries and he had a mighty fine idea who that somebody was.

"I reckon it might be that scamp Brer Rabbit," he thought to himself. "But, whoever the thief is, I'll soon catch him."

Brer Fox took a walk all round his gooseberry patch and it wasn't long before he came to the hole in the fence where the wood had been rubbed smooth.

"I'll set a trap to catch the thief," said Brer Fox. "And when I do catch him I'll give him such a whacking with a big stick."

So Brer Fox bent down the branch of a tree growing near the fence and tied one end of some rope to it. Then he fixed the other end in a loop—and made sure that the loop was

around the hole in the fence.

The next morning, when artful Brer Rabbit came slipping along to creep through the hole, the loop of rope caught him around his chest.

Then—whee! The springy branch flew up and soon Brer Rabbit was swinging between the heavens and the earth.

There he swung and while he was trying to think of a good story to tell Brer Fox, who should come ambling along but Brer Bear.

Brer Rabbit called out to him.

"Howdy, Brer Bear!"

Brer Bear looked round and, by and by, he saw Brer Rabbit swinging from the branch of the tree and he called out to him:

"Hello, Brer Rabbit! How are you coming along this morning?"

"Thanks for asking—I'm doing

very nicely, Brer Bear," answered Brer Rabbit. "I get such a lovely view from here and it's a pleasure to have such a fine morning."

Then Brer Bear asked Brer Rabbit what he was doing so high up in the sky on a tree branch.

"It's the latest idea for crow-scar-ing," replied Brer Rabbit. "I got the idea myself and when I told Brer Fox that a live scarecrow was just the thing to protect his ripe gooseberries from being gobbled up by the birds he offered to pay me ten pounds of gooseberries for a morning with overtime pay of a good handful of carrots if I worked in the afternoon."

"That's good pay indeed," said Brer Bear.

"Very fair, very fair," agreed Brer Rabbit. "Tell me, Brer Bear, how





would you like to earn that sort of payment? It would help a lot to keep your big family."

"You're right, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Bear. "I surely would like a job like that but you've already taken it."

"Oh, that's soon altered," said Brer Rabbit. "All you have to do is to change places with me and I'll explain to Brer Fox that I was called away to do some shopping for Mrs. Brer Rabbit."

So Brer Bear helped Brer Rabbit down, put the rope round himself and was soon swinging in the sky in Brer Rabbit's place.

At once naughty Brer Rabbit ran off to Brer Fox's house and he

banged and hammered on the door.

"Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox, come quickly!" he called out. "Come out here, Brer Fox, and I'll show you something in your gooseberry patch. Somebody has got himself caught up in a tree and can't get down."

"Oh, is that so?" chuckled Brer Fox. "Well, I'll get him down, but not until I've given him a good whacking with my stick."

He grabbed a stick and then he and Brer Rabbit went running back to the gooseberry patch—and there was Brer Bear.

"Howdy, Brer Fox," said Brer Bear.

"Howdy yourself!" said Brer Fox.

And, my word, Brer Fox gave Brer Bear such a spanking with his stick!

And while this was going on, Brer Rabbit sneaked off and burrowed into a mud-hole until only his eyes were sticking out, because, of course, he knew that Brer Bear would soon be after him.

By and by, Brer Bear did come down the road, looking for Brer Rabbit, and when he got to the mud-hole, he bent down and said:

"Howdy, Brer Frog! Have you seen Brer Rabbit go past here? I'm on the look-out for him."

Brer Rabbit rolled his eyes, but kept his ears well hidden behind a patch of weeds.

"Howdy, Brer Bear," he replied in a deep croaking voice. "It's lucky I've been here keeping watch on the

road. Did you ask about old Brer Rabbit?"

"Yes, has he passed by?" asked Brer Bear again.

"Well, he goes so fast that you can hardly see him at times," came the deep froggy voice from the mud-hole. "But I do recall that I did hear the patter of feet running along the road and they went THAT way."

"Thanks," mumbled Brer Bear and he set off down the road like a scared mule.

As for Brer Rabbit, he came out of the mud-hole, gave himself a good wash in a cool, clear stream nearby and let the sun dry him as he whistled off home just as if nothing had happened.

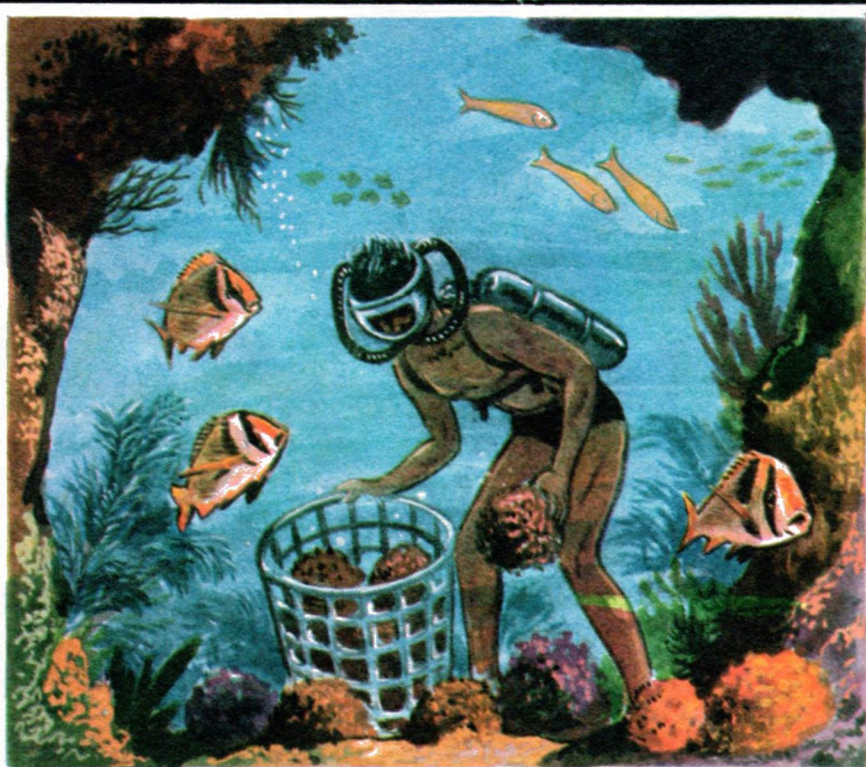
What a little trickster he is to be sure!



The **WISE OLD OWL** Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here with answers to puzzling questions.

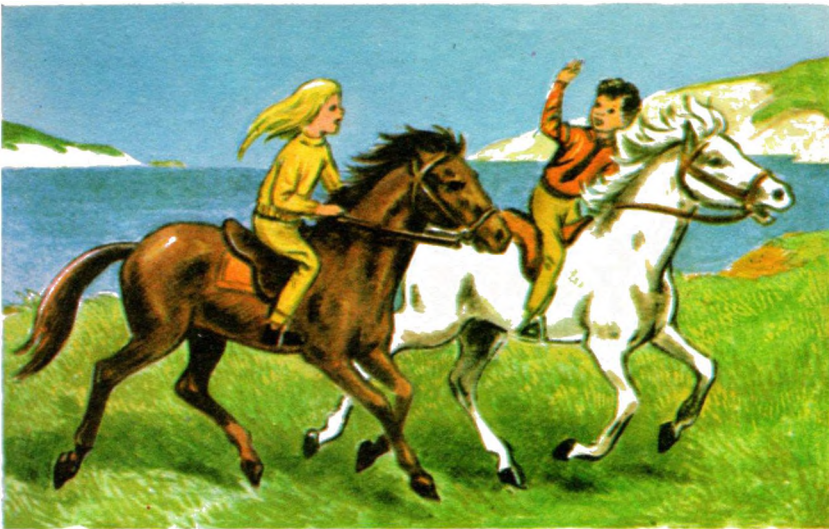


Where do sponges come from?

The sponge we use in our bath once lived in the sea and took its food from the water. Divers go down to collect them and then dry them.

What does "seeking sanctuary" mean?

In the old days, if somebody was trying to escape from an enemy he could seek sanctuary inside a monastery, where he was safe.



Which animal is Man's best friend?

Horses are often called Man's best friend and they are usually quiet and obedient. The eyes of a horse magnify what they see, so a person will seem much bigger than he really is to a horse. Perhaps that is why horses are obedient.

Is Finland a very cold country?

Finland, in the north of Europe, has long and cold winters, but the summers are warm. There are many lakes in Finland and the villages are far apart. In summer people go to church in large rowing boats which collect them.



Who first made bread?

Bread is the most common food in the Western world and it is eaten in every country. When men lived in caves, many thousands of years ago, they made a crude kind of bread from crushed wheat and water, cooked on a hot flat stone.

Where Animals Live

Here are some animals near their homes.
Can you write the names of their homes
in the spaces? You will find a list below.



A Badger lives in



A Rabbit lives in



An Otter lives in



A Fox lives in



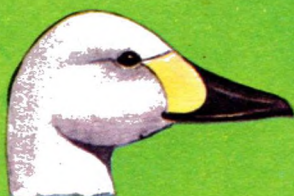
A Squirrel lives in

The five homes of these animals are called:
Burrow, Earth, Sett, Drey and Holt. See how
many you can get right before you look at
the answers in the next column.

ANSWERS:
A Badger lives in a Sett, a Rabbit lives in a Burrow, an Otter lives in a Holt, a Fox lives in an Earth, a Squirrel lives in a Drey. How many did you know?

Nature Diary **The Swans**

The graceful white swan which we most often see is the mute swan, so called because it hardly ever uses its voice. Other kinds are the Bewick's swan and the Whooper swan, with different coloured beaks.



Bewick's Swan

Whooper Swan



Mute
Swan's
Egg

The Golden Goose



1. Once there was a woodcutter, who was unkind to his youngest son. He named him Dummling, because he thought he was a simpleton. He also made him work hard.

2. While others of the family were sitting down to a good breakfast, Dummling was sent off in the forest to cut down trees, taking with him only some bread and sour milk.



3. In the forest Dummling met a funny little dwarf who asked him for food. "I have only stale bread and some sour milk, but you are welcome, sir," Dummling said.



4. "You have a kind heart," the dwarf told him. "You shall have a reward. Cut down this tree at the roots and you will find something of great value." Then he quickly disappeared.



5. Dummling took up his axe, but as he chopped away at the roots of the tree, a goose appeared from among them—a goose with feathers of pure, shining gold.



6. Dummling put the goose under his arm, and made his way to an inn. The landlord, who had three daughters, offered him a bed for the night.



7. But when Dummling was asleep one of the daughters crept into the room. She tried to pull a feather from the goose, but her hands stuck to it!



8. At that moment the second sister came into the bedroom. "Ah, so you thought you would have one of the feathers all to yourself, eh?" she snapped. She touched her sister and became stuck to her!



9. In came the third sister. "Keep away," cried the other two, but she did not take any notice. She touched her sisters—and stuck fast.



10. Hard as they pulled, the greedy sisters did not succeed in freeing themselves from the golden goose and they were compelled to go into the street with it, still stuck fast.



11. Then a parson saw them. He put out a hand to help them and got stuck, too. So did a passing clerk who tried to help the parson.



12. "Help us," cried the parson, when he saw three labourers on their way to work. "Get us free, my good men, if you please." Of course, when they tried, they also became stuck fast.



13. Now there were eight persons making up a long procession behind the golden goose. They ran through the town and finally reached the palace.

14. The king of the palace had one daughter, a beautiful child. But she was sad and would not smile. Anyone who could make her laugh, said the king, could marry her.



15. As the golden goose and all the people passed the palace, the princess thought the sight so funny that she threw up her hands and burst into peals of gay, happy laughter.



16. And when it was known that the golden goose belonged to Dumpling, the king kept his promise. They were married and kept the goose, which laid them many golden eggs.

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story turn to page 93, and try to answer the questions about it.

Make way for the Mail Coach

About 150 years ago, the quickest way of getting letters and parcels from one place to another in Great Britain was by mail-coach—a swift carriage pulled by four galloping horses.

One of the most famous of all mail-coaches was one called Tally-Ho. It ran between London and Birmingham and became so noted for its speed and good time-keeping that people usually knew it as the Birmingham Flyer.

In those days, mail could be carried from London to Birmingham in seven and a half hours, which was really a very fast time for a horse-drawn coach.

The picture shows a coach pulling into the yard of the Saracen's Head, an inn where the horses would be changed for fresh ones. Saracen was a name used in the Middle Ages for the enemies of the Crusaders, who fought against them in Palestine.





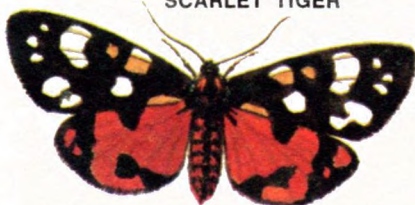
CREAMSPOT TIGER



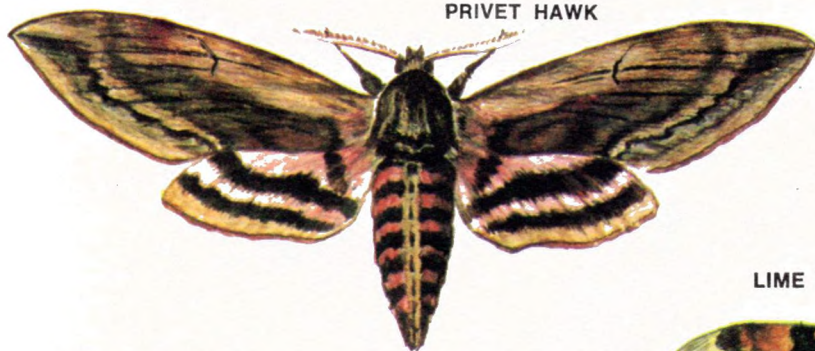
BRIMSTONE



SCARLET TIGER



PRIVET HAWK



CLIFTON NONPAREIL



OAK EGGER



LARGE EMERALD



LIME HAWK



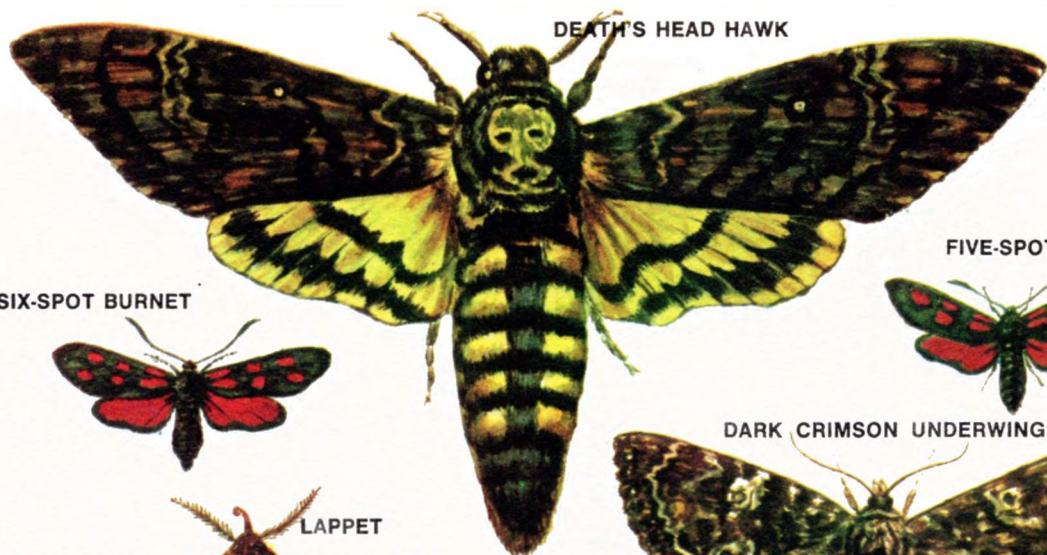
MAGPIE



All Sorts of Moths

Everybody talks of butterflies as being beautiful, but did you know that there are also some moths just as beautiful? Many moths fly only at night and so are not seen so often as butterflies, which fly only during the hours of daylight. These pages show some of the world's moths.

DEATH'S HEAD HAWK



FIVE-SPOT BURNET



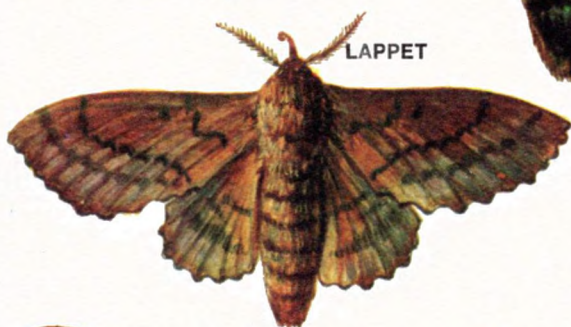
SIX-SPOT BURNET



DARK CRIMSON UNDERWING



LAPPET



KENTISH GLORY



COMMON TIGER



GREEN SILVER LINES



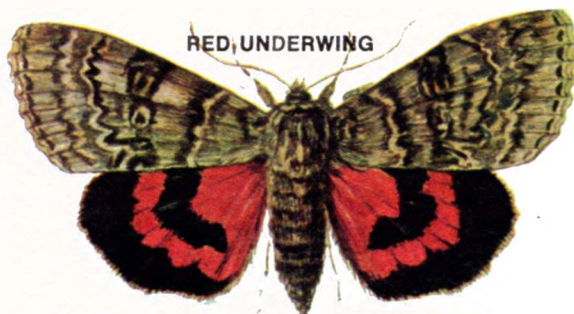
CLOUDED BUFF



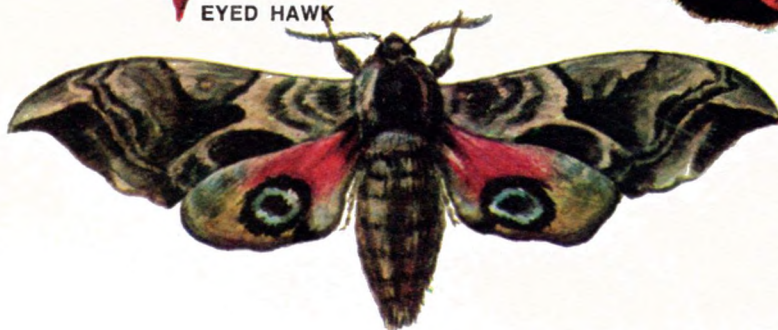
ELEPHANT HAWK



RED UNDERWING



EYED HAWK



ARGENT AND SABLE





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Stephanie and the Piano

WINIFRED, the quiet little country mouse, got the surprise of her life when a cart called at her cottage one morning and unloaded a grand piano. With the piano came a note which said :

*"Dear Winifred and Stephanie,
The piano is for you to share
between you. It has been in the
Mouse family for many, many years,
and I thought you would like it,
because I am getting too old to
play it.*

*With Love,
AUNT AMELIA."*

Now, Winifred had never learned how to play the piano. She only knew about cooking and cleaning and making pots of tea. However, she thought that her clever town-mouse cousin, Stephanie, might be more interested, so she sat down and wrote a letter all about Aunt Amelia's piano.

Winifred hoped to get a reply by return of post but, in fact, she got a reply even sooner.

Stephanie herself arrived the next day, all smart and elegant in her

town clothes and looking quite excited.

"A piano, Winifred, my dear?" she cooed. "Well-well, I couldn't have wished for anything nicer. My posh neighbour, Mrs. Topdrawer, has been having things all her own way lately with songs at tea-time. She's had her voice brought out and, if you ask me, it's time it was pushed back again, but she does get all the best people to turn up for her tea-time songs. I've just got to get the better of her, Winifred, and a piano is just the thing."

"Oh, how splendid, Stephanie," said Winifred. "Who are you going to get to play the piano for you at your musical tea-times?"

"Who am I going to get?" snapped Stephanie. "Really, Winifred, sometimes I think you're as big a country bumpkin as your boy-friend Bertie. Let me tell you right away that I took piano-playing lessons when I was a girl mouse and I only need a little practice. So carry on with your cleaning, or scrubbing or whatever you have to do and leave me to my music."



So Winifred got on with her jobs in the cottage, while Stephanie sat at the piano and played and played and played. At least she TRIED to play. The noise she made was awful! Even Winifred, kind soul that she was, could hardly stand it.

"Dear-dear me," she said, putting her hands to her ears. "If Stephanie invites all her posh friends round to hear that sort of thing she soon won't have any friends left."

But the piano-playing went on and on. When it got to bedtime Stephanie was still at the keyboard, pounding away—and quite a lot of the folks around those parts were pounding on Winifred's front door!

"Nobody can get any sleep with all that noise going on," they said. "And most of us have to get up in the morning bright and early."

"Oh—er, never mind," Winifred said. "Have a cup of tea and try not to think about it."

One good thing about Winifred was that she could make a really good cup of tea and for a time there were no complaints as the neighbours sat outside the cottage. But when their cups were empty they began to make remarks about Stephanie again.

So away bustled Winifred to the kitchen to make a fresh pot of tea and it so happened that she came out with it just as Stephanie finished her piece on the piano.

"Hooray! More!" shouted all the country folk in the garden. "How lovely!"

They were, of course, speaking of Winifred's second pot of tea—but Stephanie quite thought that all the clapping and cheering was for HER!

"Thank you, my friends," she said,



opening the window. "Did you find it most enjoyable?"

"Very nice—very sweet," grunted old Badger, the postman, thinking about his cup of tea.

Well, you can imagine just what happened next. Stephanie got even bigger ideas about her piano-playing.

"This is what we must do," she said to Winifred next morning. "I shall go back to town and send out invitations for all my friends to attend a special tea with music at my house. They will love my piano-playing and I shall be famous. So make all the arrangements to send the piano to town, Winifred, my dear."

Off went Stephanie, leaving Winifred wondering what to do.

"Oh, my goodness, I just can't tell her how awful she is on the piano," she said. "What can I do to stop her? Her friends will laugh at her and

she would never get over it."

Winifred thought hard, but it was not until a furniture van arrived to take away the piano that the answer to the problem came to her.

As the piano was loaded into the furniture van Winifred's sharp eyes saw the shape of a small figure slipping in with it.

"Rex the Wrecker!" she murmured.

If you do not know already, Rex the Wrecker is a small boy mouse who gets up to the most awful tricks. Anything he touches either breaks or never works properly again.

So what did Winifred do?

She pretended not to have seen Rex the Wrecker slip inside the furniture van. Then she collected a few pots of paint and quietly slipped them in as well.

"This is one time when I hope little Rexie will do his worst," she smiled as the van set off to town.

At her house in town Stephanie was impatiently waiting for the piano to arrive.

She squeaked with delight when the van finally arrived.

"At last," she said. "Now I shall be able to make a name for myself."

But then she squeaked in quite a different manner when she saw the piano.

It was painted all over in a crazy pattern of colours!

Winifred had guessed right. Rex the Wrecker had done just what she had expected him to do with those pots of paint.

"Eek!" shouted Stephanie. "I just couldn't have it in the house! Those colours would never go with the wallpaper in my front room—and my new dress would look simply awful if I sat down at a piano like that. It's no good, I shall just have to give up the whole idea and send it back to Winifred. Her drab little cottage does need a bit of brightening up, now I come to think of it."

So that was the end of that and Winifred was not a bit sorry to hear that Stephanie had changed her mind about giving a musical party.

"At least she won't get laughed at and feel hurt," she said, as she made another pot of tea.

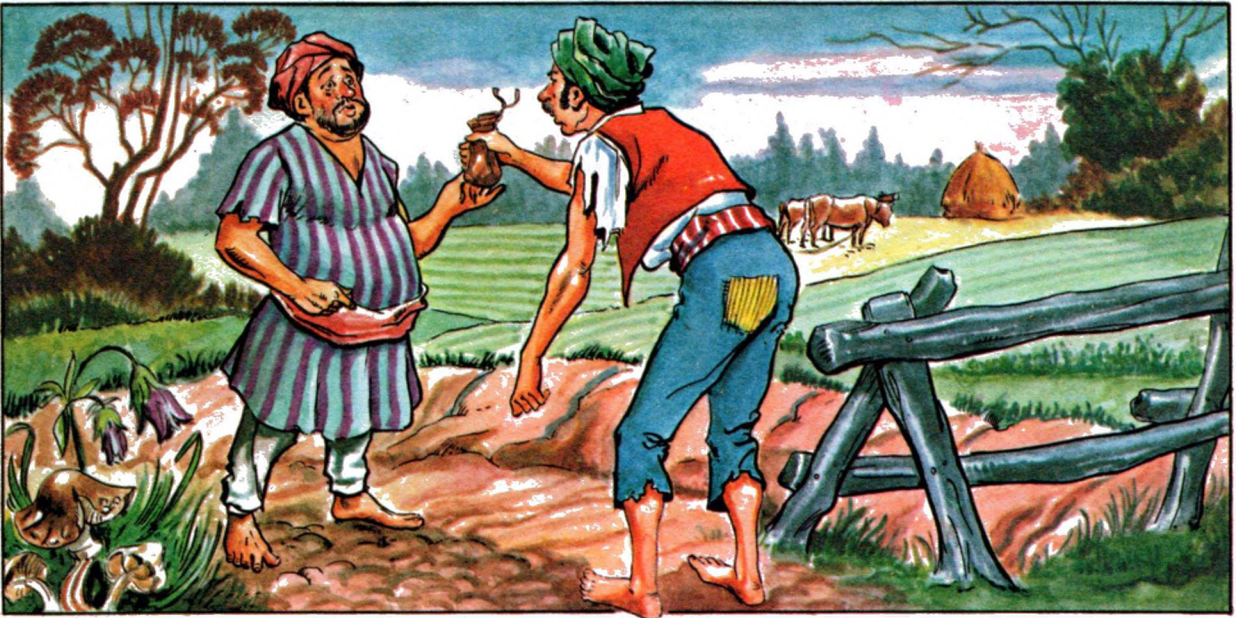




Beautiful Paintings

It is always a delight to look at a lovely picture. The more you look at it the more you see. When you have finished reading this book, perhaps you would like to cut out this painting by artist Sep Scott.

The Magic Bush



1. Once, in a village, there lived a peasant and his wife and son. They were very poor and often went hungry. At last, the peasant needed to raise some money to pay the tax on his land, or face being sent to prison.

2. To get the money he decided to sell his land to a neighbour. The man who bought it was scarcely any richer, but at least he had two oxen which he could harness to a plough. "I will grow a crop of barley," he said.



3. He set to work with his patient oxen and, though the ground was hard, he cut many furrows. Suddenly, late in the afternoon he felt the rough wooden plough give a violent jerk as it struck something in the ground.



4. It was a metal box, rusty and old, which had been buried for quite a time. He picked it up and opened it. "My goodness me," he gasped. "It is full of gold pieces. Never before in my life have I seen such money."



5. Being an honest man he went at once to his neighbour. "This belongs to you," said he. "I bought the field from you, but I did not buy any gold. Take it, and have nothing to worry about for the rest of your life."



6. "No, it is not mine," replied the other peasant. "I sold you the field and all that was in it." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the other. "You are being foolish." They argued and argued about it for quite a long time.



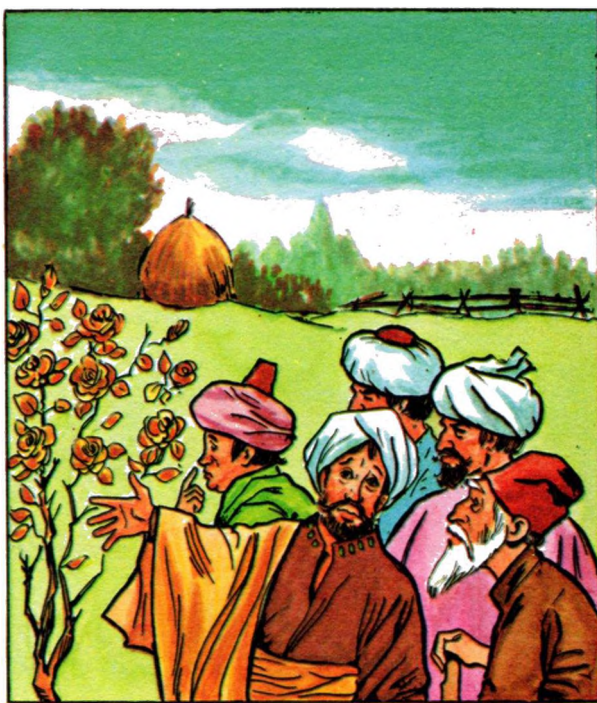
7. In the end the two peasants went to the ruler to ask him to judge who was the owner of the gold. While they were still having an argument about it, the wise ruler asked, "Tell me, how many children have you each?"



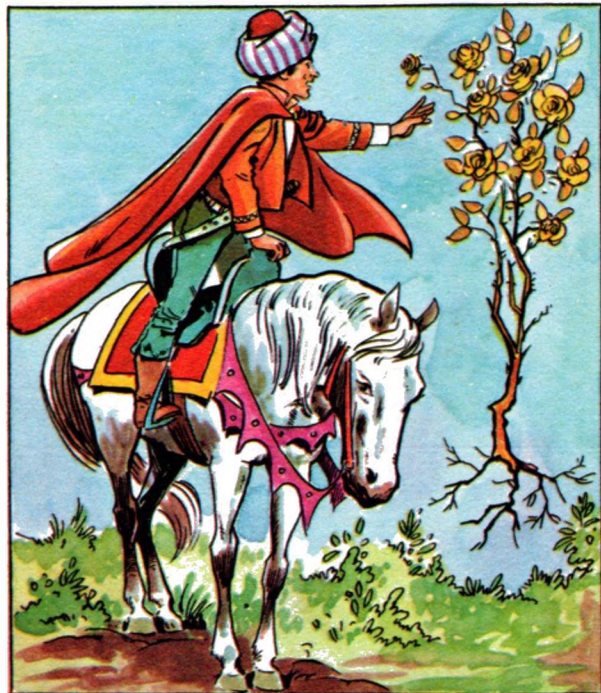
8. "I have one son," said the first peasant. "And I have one daughter," said the other. "Then what could be better than they get married?" declared the ruler. "Then you can give them the gold as a wedding present."



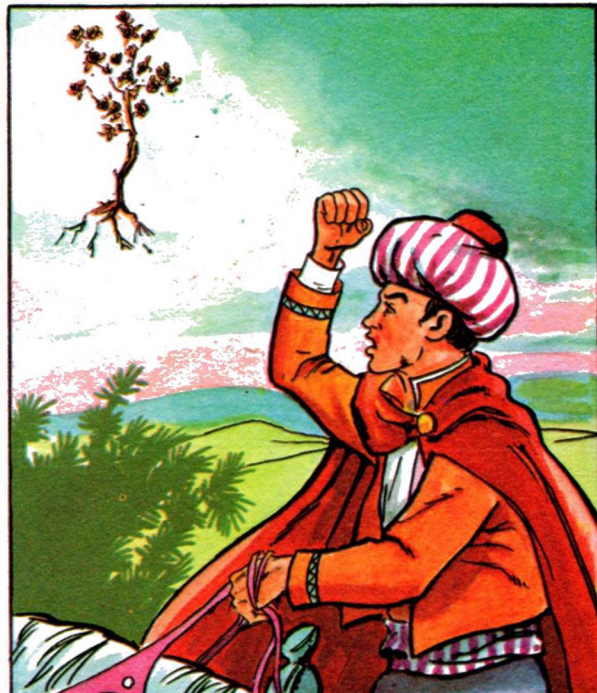
9. It was a simple solution to the problem and the two peasants were delighted. Their children were even more delighted, for they were already in love with each other and only needed the means to marry and settle down.



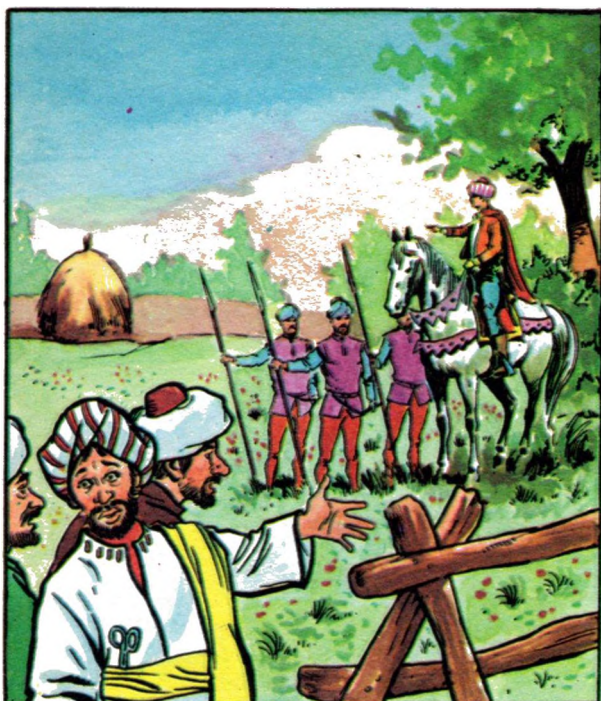
10. The two families worked together from then on in peace and harmony. They became quite rich—but the wonder of it all was that at the spot where the gold had been found grew a wonderful bush with real gold flowers.



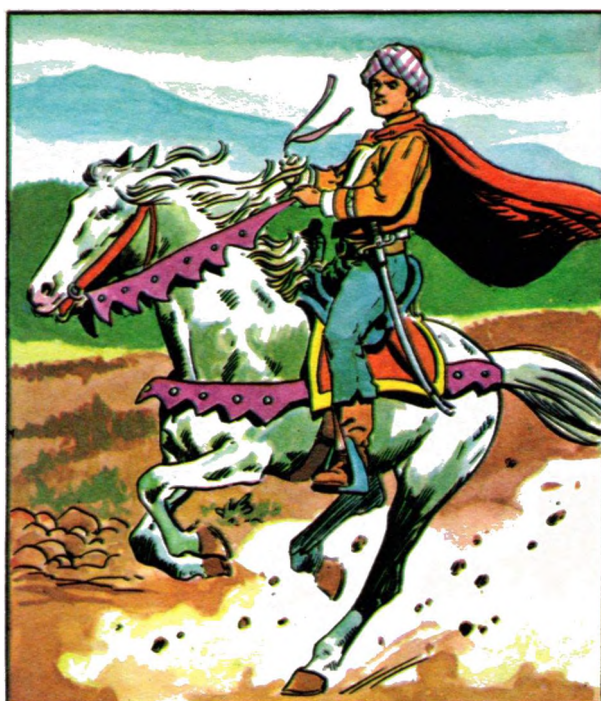
11. One day, the son of the ruler happened to pass that way. He saw the magic bush and its flowers of gold, but when he reached out to take one, the bush rose out of the earth, roots and all, and floated away from him.



12. At this, the young man flew into a great rage. Disappointed that he could not have a golden flower from the bush, he made a vow that the peasants should have nothing, either. "I will destroy this land," he said.



13. He ordered his servants and soldiers to destroy everything in the field and leave nothing growing there at all. The terrified peasants watched this going on, but there was nothing they could do to prevent it.



14. Then the ruler's son set out to return to his father's palace. He was still angry at not being able to take a flower from the magic bush and told himself that he had done the right thing in ruining the land.



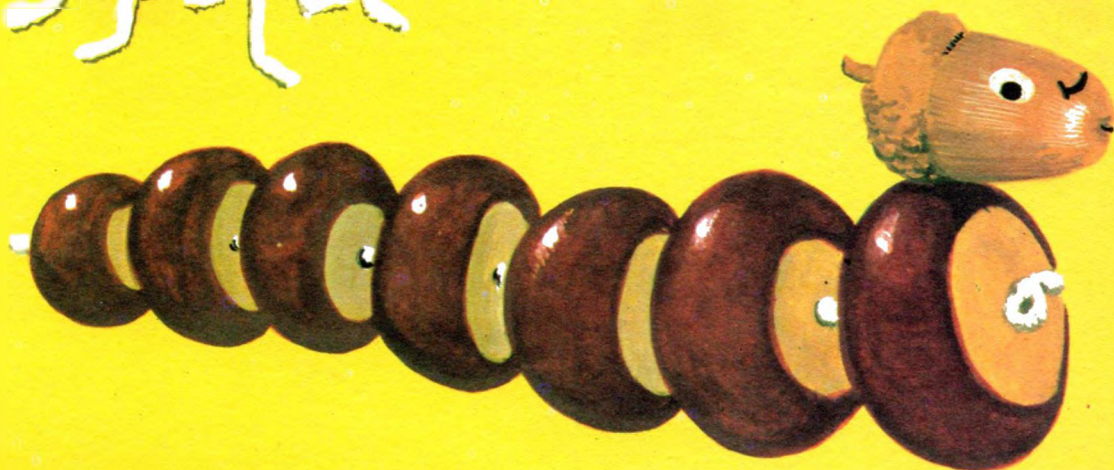
15. But just outside the city he met a wise dwarf. "You are curious about the bush," the dwarf said. "It is a reward for honesty and the flowers can be picked by the rightful owner of the land and nobody else."



16. The young man hung his head in shame. He rode back at once to the field. "I will ask their forgiveness," he said. But when he got there, to his delight and surprise, the field—and the bush—were as before!

Merry Models to make

If you collect together some nice shiny conkers, some acorns and a few pipe-cleaners, you can have hours of fun, making models from them. Three possible ones are shown on this page . . . a spider, a gnome and a snake. (Putting in the eyes with a little paint makes them look very alive, but they can be left out.) Have a game with your friends to see who can work out the funniest figure with conkers and acorns.

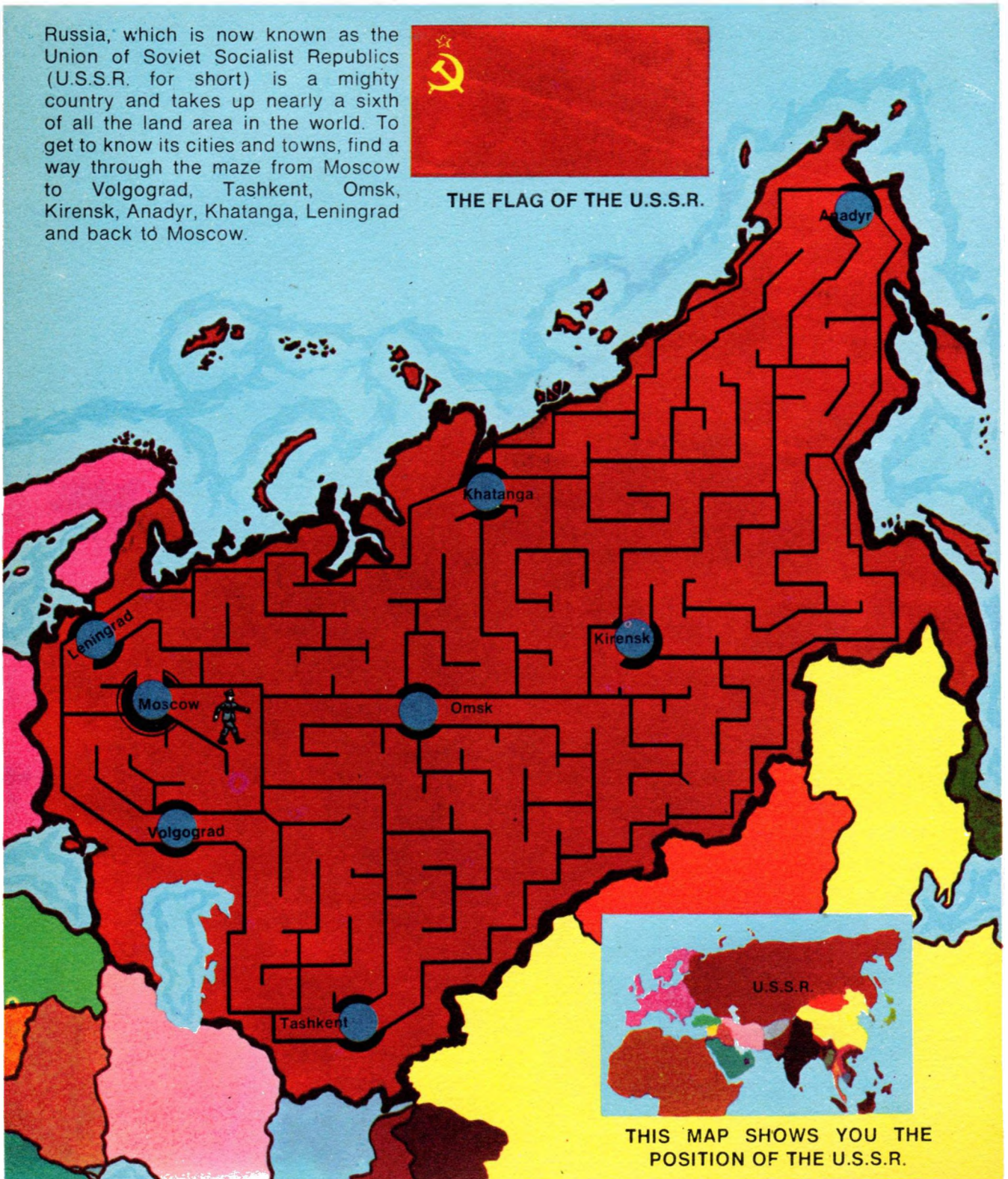


Russia (the U.S.S.R.)

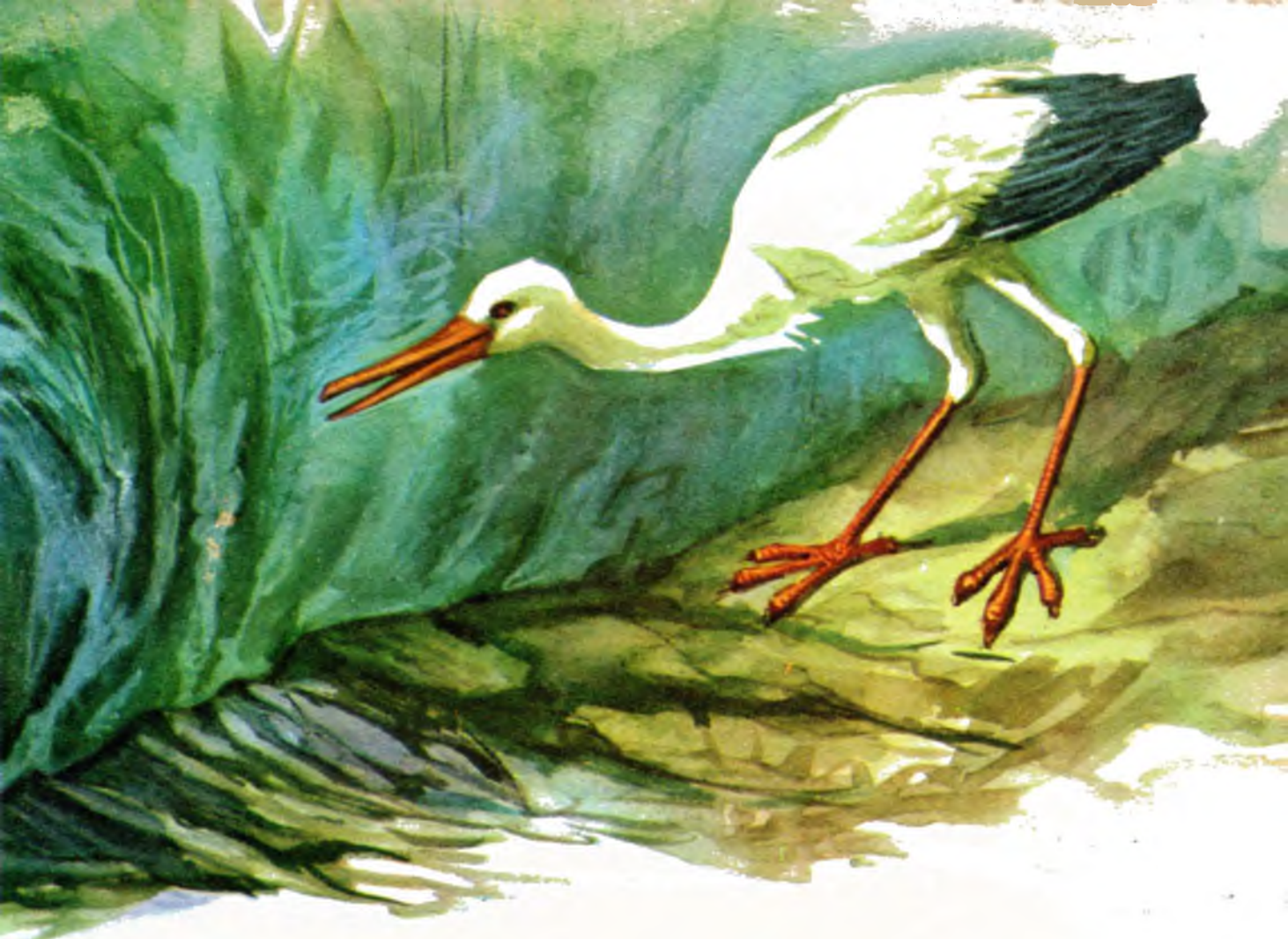
Russia, which is now known as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (U.S.S.R. for short) is a mighty country and takes up nearly a sixth of all the land area in the world. To get to know its cities and towns, find a way through the maze from Moscow to Volgograd, Tashkent, Omsk, Kirensk, Anadyr, Khatanga, Leningrad and back to Moscow.



THE FLAG OF THE U.S.S.R.



THIS MAP SHOWS YOU THE POSITION OF THE U.S.S.R.



The Stork Prince

MANY years ago, on a warm afternoon in Baghdad, Prince Hassim sat on a couch very happy and contented. He was in a good mood and smiled as his Grand Vizier, came into the throne room.

"Grand master, there is a wandering merchant in the courtyard," said the Grand Vizier. "He has some wondrous things for sale."

"Then send him in at once, Mansor," said the prince.

The merchant was brought in and Hassim bought a few rings and jewelled drinking cups. Then he noticed a golden snuff-box.

"Let me look at it," he said.

"Your highness, it contains a black powder, the use of which I do not know," the merchant told him. "I bought it at a stall on the road to Mecca. And with it there is a piece of parchment, with writing in a strange language."

Prince Hassim was curious. He bought the snuff-box and then called in a wise professor. "Selim, read this parchment and explain to me what it says," he commanded.

"It is in Latin," said Selim, and he began to translate it thus:

"The man who owns this treasure

will be truly blessed. If he sniffs up a little of the black powder he will be able to change himself into any kind of animal or bird of his choice. He will also be able to understand the language of animals. When he wishes to change back into human form he must turn to the East, bow three times and say MUTATOR. Otherwise, he will remain as an animal for the rest of his life."

The Prince jumped up in great joy. "Come, Mansor," he declared. "You and I will try it together."

They hurried out into the country and almost the first thing they came to was a pool, where there was a graceful stork.

"Look," said the Prince, and he pointed to another stork in the act of flying to the pool, "here comes its mate. Let us take a pinch of the magic powder, thus turning ourselves into storks, so that we can understand what they say."

They each took a sniff from the snuff-box and, behold, they turned into storks. It was exciting to be able to listen to the real storks which were talking to each other.

"Good evening," one stork said to the other. "I'm nearly ready with the supper. What would you like—frogs' legs or lizard steaks?"

At this, both Prince Hassim and his Grand Vizier burst out laughing,

and the storks flew away.

"A pity!" sighed the Prince. "Never mind, though. We will change back to human shape again and then try something else. We must face Eastwards and bow three times."

This they did, but—alas! For the life of them they could not remember the word they had to say next. They were condemned to remain as storks.

Sadly, they flew over the roofs of Baghdad and saw crowds lining the streets to welcome a stranger riding on a horse at the head of a procession.

"Hail to the new Prince of Baghdad!" they called out.

Prince Hassim growled angrily. "Now I know that we were bewitched," he said. "That is Mizra, the son of the great magician Kashnur, who hates me. But I'll not be beaten. Come, we must fly to Mecca in the hope of finding a clue to the word we so badly need!"

So they flew and flew until both were so tired that they were glad to alight in the ruins of a castle.

Once it had been a beautiful castle. Now only parts of it seemed to be occupied. They went down into a passage to find a quiet spot in which to sleep.

"Listen!" Hassim said suddenly. "I hear breathing."

"And someone sighing as though





in great sorrow," agreed the Grand Vizier.

- Puzzled, they moved towards a room at the end of the passage. Inside, in a corner, they saw the strange sight of an owl, sobbing and crying as if heart-broken. But when it saw the two storks it gave a glad cry.

"Welcome, lovely birds!" it said. "It is said that storks bring good luck."

Hassim was surprised, because the owl had spoken in human language.

"By the way you speak, owl, I suppose you have been unlucky like ourselves," he said, and he told the owl what had happened to them.

"The owl nodded. "I am Lusa, daughter of the King of India. The wicked magician, Kashnur, came to my father, asking that I should marry his son, Mizra—but my father refused and had him thrown out. Then, one day, Kashnur persuaded one of the slaves to mix a magic potion in my morning drink. When I drank it, I was changed into an owl! I fainted with the shock of it and when I woke up the magician had carried me to this ruined castle. 'Here you will stay forever,' he told me. 'Unless someone



comes and asks you to marry him! But, listen! Once a month all the wicked magicians gather here at a banquet and tell of the evil things they have done. Perhaps they will mention the magic word you have forgotten."

"Tell me where this banquet takes place," said the Prince.

"Only if one of you promises to marry me," replied the owl.

Prince Hassim, who thought the owl very ugly, sighed and said:

"When I am changed back into a man, I will marry you."

"Splendid!" said the owl, happily. "Now I can tell you that tonight is the night for the magician's banquet. Come, I will show you where they hold it."

Guided by the owl, the two storks went through many passages until they came to a lofty room, where the magicians were gathered round a table, laughing and joking.

And among them Prince Hassim

saw the merchant who had sold him the snuff-box.

It was he who at that moment was enjoying the telling of the story of how he bewitched the Prince.

Very much amused, one of the others asked him :

"And what is the word which the two luckless fellows have forgotten?"

"MUTATOR," was the reply.

The two storks trembled with joy on hearing this and they raced quickly away.

When they were outside the ruined castle, Prince Hassim turned himself towards the East.

But before bowing three times, he prayed softly. "O, most gracious and highest," he murmured. "I beg of you to change the one I have promised to marry."

Then he and the Grand Vizier bowed three times and together they shouted the magic word: MUTATOR!

And all in a flash they became men again. Beside themselves with joy, they embraced each other.

And a moment later they noticed that they had been joined by a beautiful young woman. They stared at her in great surprise.

"Don't you recognise your owl?" she asked, taking the Prince's hand.

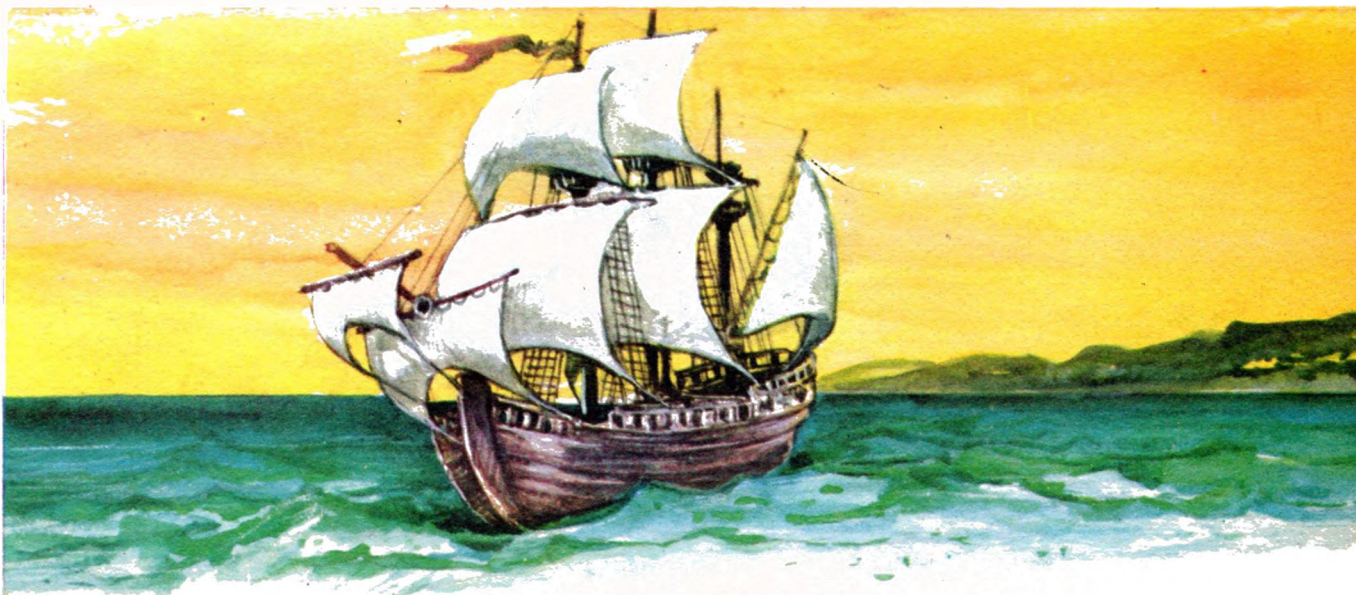
The Prince was charmed by her grace and beauty. For a few moments he could hardly speak and then he said :

"Surely, the greatest good fortune I could ever have was to be turned into a stork! For without that I would never have met you."

Taking Princess Lusa by the hand, he led her away to the nearest village, where he obtained horses to carry all three of them back to Baghdad.

The return of Prince Hassim brought great joy to the people, who hated being ruled by the son of a magician. They soon saw that he was driven out of the city for good.

Later, there was even greater joy at the wedding of Prince Hassim and Princess Lusa, who ruled the land together, happily and wisely, for many, many years.



Fun with numbers

— Look at the pictures and see how well you can count.



1. Peter's friends laugh when his hat blows off. How many children are there?



2. The cap scares some birds out of a hedge. How many birds can you count?



3. The cat runs away with the cap. How many dogs are helping Peter to chase it?

The Snow Queen's Fairies

What is hidden in this picture?



At certain times of the year, when it starts to get colder, the Snow Queen and her Snow-Fairies have work to do. The Queen is looking for her fairies to

help her, but in her palace she can find only one. There are four others playing hide-and-seek. Can you find them all?

Well, Fancy That!

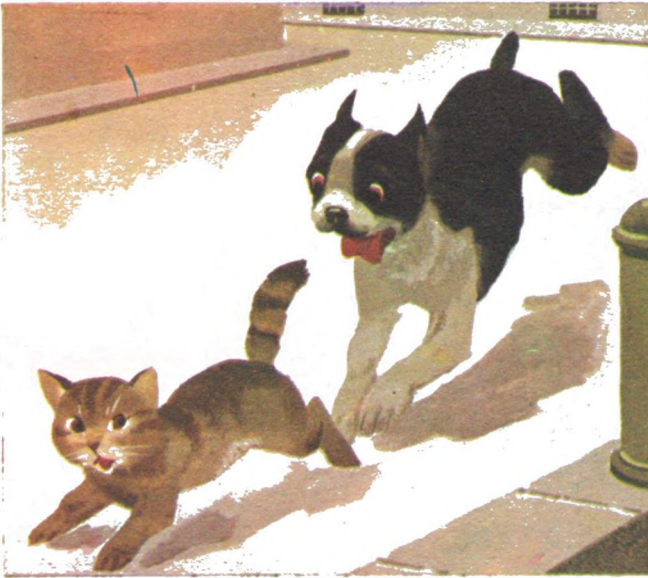


Living with Animals

Rosa Bonheur, born in 1822, was a painter who loved and painted animals. Even in her home she surrounded herself with animals of all kinds.

Strange Rocks

In Monument Valley in the United States are some rocks of strange shapes. These have been created by wind-blown sand which has worn the brick-red sandstone, bit by bit, for centuries.

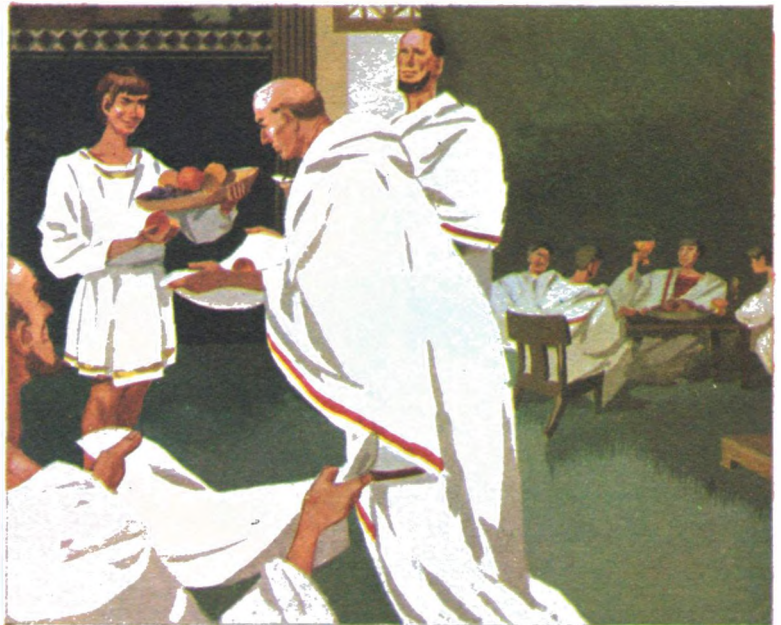


Cat-chasing is a favourite old doggy game

Do you own a dog who enjoys chasing after a cat? Most dogs cannot resist the thrill of a chase, but did you know that dogs have been chasing cats for thousands of years. We know this is true because bricks were found in a buried city which showed the paw prints of a cat and a dog. The prints were very clear and showed that the dog had been chasing the cat—so it has been a popular game with dogs for many, many years.

First Table Napkins

In Ancient Rome it was the custom for the host to give his guests some fresh fruit to take home with them. The fruit was wrapped in little square cloths and it is thought that these may have been the first table napkins. Even so, napkins were not really used until 500 years ago. Before then, guests wiped their hands on the table cloth. Nowadays, many table napkins are made out of paper.



The Singing Sands

Desert travellers sometimes hear musical sounds coming from the desert. It is thought that these “singing” sounds are caused by empty spaces forming between layers of sand. As they were walked upon by travellers, the loose grains of sand were made to move and air rushed into the empty spaces, making the strange musical sounds.



Simple Simon

ONCE upon a time there lived a very poor widow. She had six daughters but only one son. He was called Simple Simon, because he sometimes did silly things, which tormented his poor mother and made her very cross.

One day Simple Simon did something particularly stupid and his mother lost her patience with him so much that she shouted and shouted at him for a long time.

"I don't blame my poor mother for shouting at me," thought Simple Simon. "I must be a great worry to her, so it would be better if I left home and went somewhere else to live."

So Simple Simon left home and set off into the world outside. He went many miles into the country and was very tired by the evening when he came to a house. It belonged to a man named Orco—who was so ugly that he would have frightened most children. But for all his ugliness he was really very kind at heart.

Simple Simon knocked at the door and, when Orco came out, he asked, "How are you, sir? Can you help me? How many miles is it to the place I am going?"

"How can I tell you, if I don't know where you are going?" replied the man.

"Then you must be like me—I don't know, either," said Simple Simon.

Orco chuckled. He thought this was most amusing.

"You're a bright sort of lad," Orco chuckled. "How would you like to live here? I could find things for you to do and you'd be a great help to me, I'm sure."

"What sort of things?" asked Simple Simon.

"Nothing very much—just things like waking me up in the morning and answering the door, which wouldn't be very often because hardly anyone calls here," said Orco. "What do you say? I'd see that you were well fed."

Simple Simon agreed to try it and he found it very easy indeed. He worked only a very little and ate a lot, so that in no time at all he was as fat as a young porker.

But, after two years, he began to feel a yearning to go back home and visit his mother and sisters to see how they were getting on. And when he spoke of this idea, Orco was good-hearted enough to agree.

"Yes, go home for a while, my lad," he said. "Take this donkey to carry you on your journey. But be very careful never to say 'Hup-hup-hup!' to the donkey. Do you promise?"

"I promise," said Simple Simon.

That afternoon, mounted on the little donkey, Simple Simon said goodbye to Orco and set off.

But he had not got very far when a feeling of curiosity came over him.



It was naughty of him to stop, but he could not resist the temptation to find out more about the donkey.

He got off its back; then, as clearly as he could, he said :

"Hup-hup-hup !"

At once a most wonderful thing took place. The little donkey seemed to sneeze and from out of its ears came a stream of diamonds and rubies and pearls worth a fortune. They fell on the ground at Simple Simon's feet.

"What a marvellous donkey !" Simple Simon exclaimed. "My mother and my sisters will have a great surprise when I arrive home."

Laughing to himself, he picked up the precious gems, put them in a purse and continued on his way.

Towards evening he reached an inn, and decided to stay there for the night.

"Have you room for me and my

little donkey?" he asked.

"Of course, young sir," replied the inn-keeper. "I can make both of you very comfortable for the night."

"Splendid," nodded Simple Simon. "You can take my donkey into the stable and give it some hay to eat. But I must warn you that you are not to say 'Hup-hup-hup !' to it."

"I see," said the inn-keeper.

"Oh, and there's another thing," said Simple Simon, handing the man the bag of diamonds and rubies and pearls. "See that these are put in a safe place and let me have them back in the morning."

Now the inn-keeper was a very cunning man. After Simple Simon had eaten his supper and gone to bed, he tip-toed to the stable where the donkey was munching some sweet hay.

"Hup-hup-hup !" said the inn-keeper.

He could hardly believe his eyes when the donkey sneezed and twitched its ears and out came a shimmering shower of precious jewels, which fell to the floor.

"What sort of a magic donkey is this?" gasped the inn-keeper. "I must keep it for myself. It will be easy to deal with that simple boy."

So the greedy inn-keeper soon took the donkey to another stable and put in its place a donkey that was exactly the same to look at.

Not content with doing this, he then emptied Simple Simon's purse and in place of the precious jewels he put a handful of stones.

Next morning Simple Simon paid for his food and lodging, collected the donkey from the stable and set off merrily for home, having no idea what had happened during the night.

When he reached the house, he called out to his mother and sisters. "Hello there—I'm back again! And we're going to be rich for the rest of our lives, dear mother and sisters."

Of course, they wanted to know what Simple Simon meant by that and he at once opened his purse.

"Stones—just a lot of useless old stones," said his mother. "Is this a joke, Simon?"

Simple Simon was just as surprised as they were, but he passed it off with a wave of his hand.

"Never mind, I can soon produce

more diamonds and pearls," he said. "Watch this, and listen to what I say to this magic donkey."

His mother and sisters watched as Simple Simon patted the donkey and said, "Hup-hup-hup!"

Because it was not the same donkey, nothing happened.

"Hup-hup-hup!" said Simple Simon again—but without result.

At length, his mother lost patience with him.

"You foolish boy," she shouted. "Why do you say we are rich when all you have brought home is a purse





full of stones and a donkey? I don't call that being rich at all."

She went on and on and on so much that Simple Simon decided he would not stay after all.

Sadly, he went back to Orco and told him about it. Although Simple Simon had disobeyed his orders Orco was kind-hearted enough to

forgive him and to say that he could have his job back.

A whole year passed by and once again Simple Simon felt that he would like to see his mother and sisters.

He plucked up courage to ask Orco if he could leave.

"Of course! I understand how you

feel," said Orco kindly. "But take this with you."

"A table-napkin?" said Simple Simon. "You are giving me a folded napkin to take home?"

"Yes, my boy," Orco nodded. "Put it in your pocket and be on your way. But one thing I must warn you about—never say to the napkin 'Open!' or 'Close!' or you might be startled."

"All right," said Simple Simon, and off he went, singing happily as he trudged along the road.

But once again it was not long before he got a curious feeling that he must find out about the table-napkin.

Taking it from his pocket, he looked at it. Just an ordinary folded napkin it seemed to be. Simple Simon took a deep breath and said: "Open!"

Marvel of marvels! The folded table-napkin did open itself and there, in the middle of it, spread out in a great feast, was food of the finest kind.

"How wonderful," said Simple Simon. "When I get home, I will be able to keep my dear mother and sisters in food for the rest of our lives."

He ate the food and enjoyed every mouthful of it. It was the best and most delicious he had ever tasted.

"We shall live very well indeed at home," he smiled to himself.

Satisfied, Simple Simon said to the napkin: "Close!"

It closed at once, folding itself up into a neat square. Simple Simon put it in his pocket and then restarted his journey along the road.

Towards evening time he came again to the inn where he had stayed before. It had been comfortable there, Simple Simon thought to himself. Why not try it again?

The crafty inn-keeper was surprised but very pleased to see him, for Simple Simon made no mention of the loss of his jewels or the change in the magic donkey.

"Good evening, young sir," said the inn-keeper, bowing low. "It will be my great pleasure to have you stay once more at my humble inn. Have you any special orders?"

"Yes," answered Simple Simon, taking the table-napkin from his pocket and handing it to the inn-keeper. "I want this kept in a special place of safety for the night, my good man. But I must warn you—whatever you do, you must never say 'Open!' or 'Close!' to this napkin. Is that clear?"

"Of course," said the inn-keeper. "Can I serve you some supper?"

"No, thank you," said Simple Simon. "I have eaten splendidly already. I think I will go straight up to bed for a good night's sleep."

Off he went. Tired after his long walk he quickly fell into a deep sleep. And once the inn-keeper had made sure that he was not likely to wake up in a hurry, he picked up the magic table-napkin.

"Open!" he said.

The napkin spread itself wide open and the inn-keeper's greedy eyes opened wide with wonder at the sight of a tempting array of food upon the napkin.

"Wonder of wonders!" he exclaimed. "With a napkin like this I will be able to serve all my guests with the finest of food, and it will not cost me a penny to buy it."

Having eaten the food, the inn-keeper told the napkin to close, which it did. Then he took another napkin, exactly the same in appearance as the one Simple Simon had



brought, and put it carefully away in a locked drawer.

Next morning he handed it to Simple Simon, who paid his bill and set off for home.

When he arrived at the house, Simple Simon said to his mother, "You will never be short of food in this house again, I promise you."

"I am not short today," replied his mother. "I have a lump of cheese."

"Then throw it away," said Simple Simon. "You will eat food better than cheese today. Watch!"

Taking out the folded table-napkin, he gave it a sharp command. "Open!" he said, but the napkin did not obey. It stayed folded.

When Simple Simon could not get it to do as he asked he began to realise that he had been tricked.

"That rascal of an inn-keeper must

have cheated me!" he exclaimed.

Sadly he said goodbye to his mother and sisters and returned to the home of Orco, who forgave him for what he had done and allowed him to stay.

This time Simple Simon remained for three years until at last he felt the desire to go home.

"Very well, if you wish," Orco agreed. "But take this stout stick with you. However, you must never say 'Start!' or 'Stop!' to it, or something might happen that you will regret."

Off went Simple Simon with the stick, but not being able to contain his deep curiosity, he stopped along the road.

"Start!" he commanded the stick.

The stick jumped out of his hand and danced in the air around him, beating him without mercy.

"Stop!" shouted Simple Simon.

The stick stopped. The lad was very thankful, and continued his way along the road until he came to the inn.

"I'll rest for a third night here," he told the inn-keeper. "Take this big stick and keep it safe for me. But whatever you do, never say 'Start!' to it."

But, of course, the crafty keeper of the inn was only too anxious to test the magic stick. When Simple Simon was asleep he called in his wife and told her to be ready for a surprise. "Start!" he ordered.

The stick obeyed. It thumped and beat the inn-keeper and his wife and they could not dodge out of its way.

"Help, help!" they shouted.

The stick continued to bang and biff them without mercy and their cries became louder and louder until

at last Simple Simon woke up and came running into the room.

"Stop!" he commanded.

The stick stopped. Simple Simon looked at the inn-keeper and said, "Now give me back those jewels, the donkey and the table-napkin, or I will tell the stick to beat you all night!"

The wretched inn-keeper was only too pleased to obey and when Simple Simon continued on his way he took with him the jewels, the donkey and the table-napkin.

These he returned to Orco, for they rightly belonged to him. But Orco, in his usual kind way, gave the honest lad a good share of the precious stones.

"Now take them safely home to your mother," he said.

This time Simple Simon did reach home with something worthwhile — enough to keep them all in great comfort for the rest of their lives.



Belling the Cat

Once there were some mice who lived in a house where there was a fierce cat.

The mice were frightened of the cat because he was always waiting to pounce on them when they came out of their holes at night to look for food, and it was difficult for them to get anything to eat.

This went on for many days, until the hungry mice decided to do something about it.

They had a meeting.

Many suggestions were heard, but none seemed to solve the mice's problem. Then came the best suggestion of all.

"I will tell you what to do," said a young mouse. "The answer is simple. We will tie a bell round the cat's neck. As the cat walks the bell will ring and we shall know where he is."

At this speech the mice squeaked with joy. The young mouse's idea was very good.

An old mouse sitting in the corner of the room looked thoughtfully at the excited youngsters.

Then he spoke.

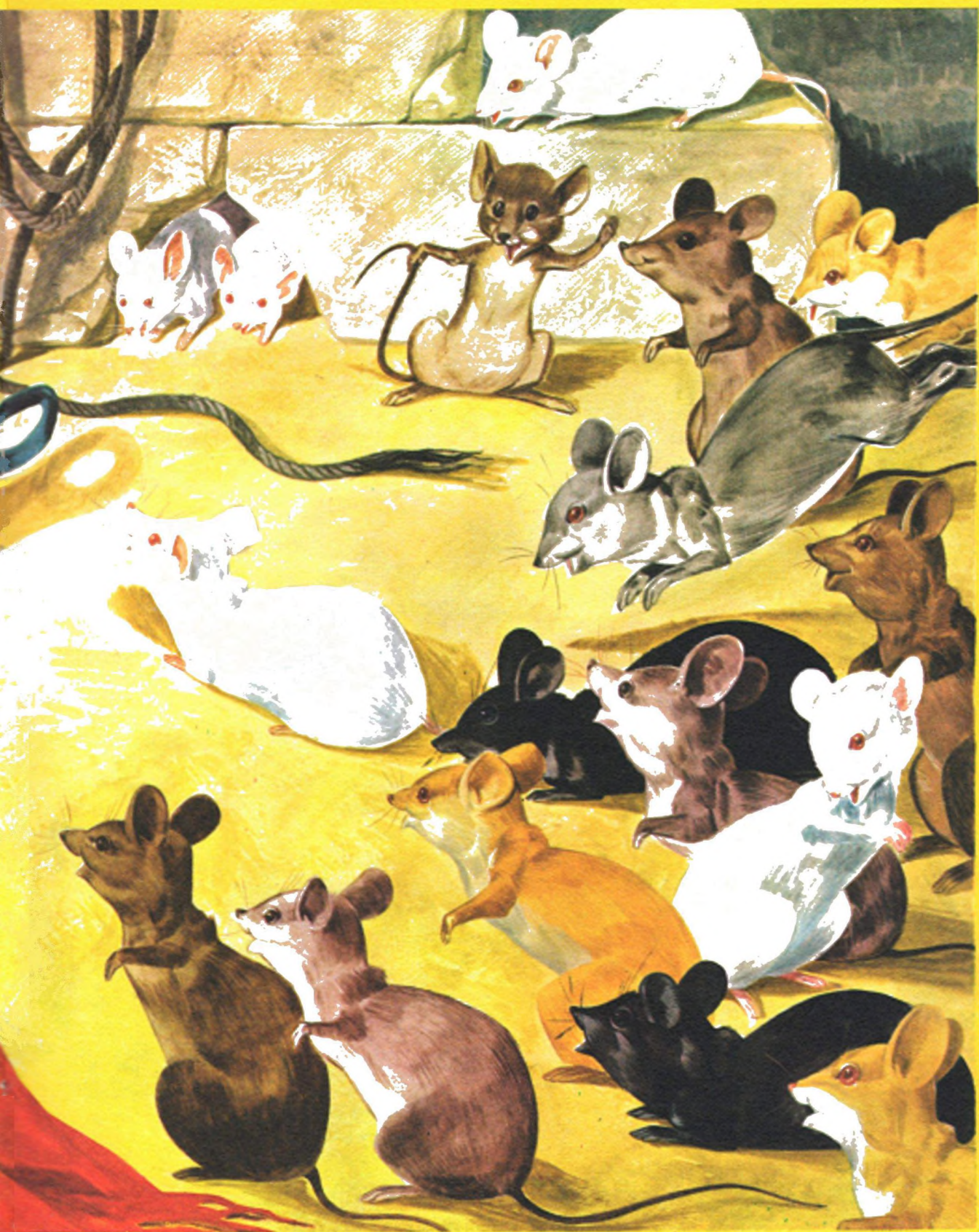
"Who will put the bell round the cat's neck?" he asked.

He questioned each mouse in the room in turn.

None dared!

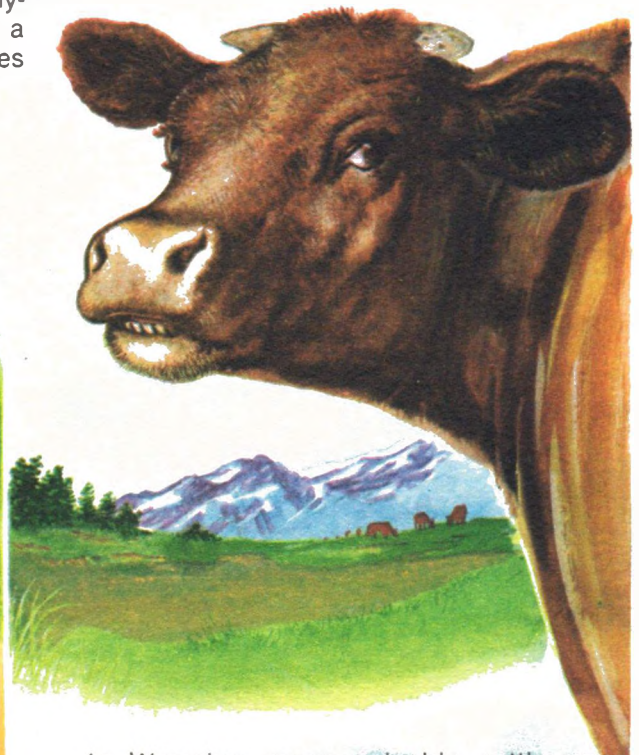
The moral of this story is: Some things are easier said than done.



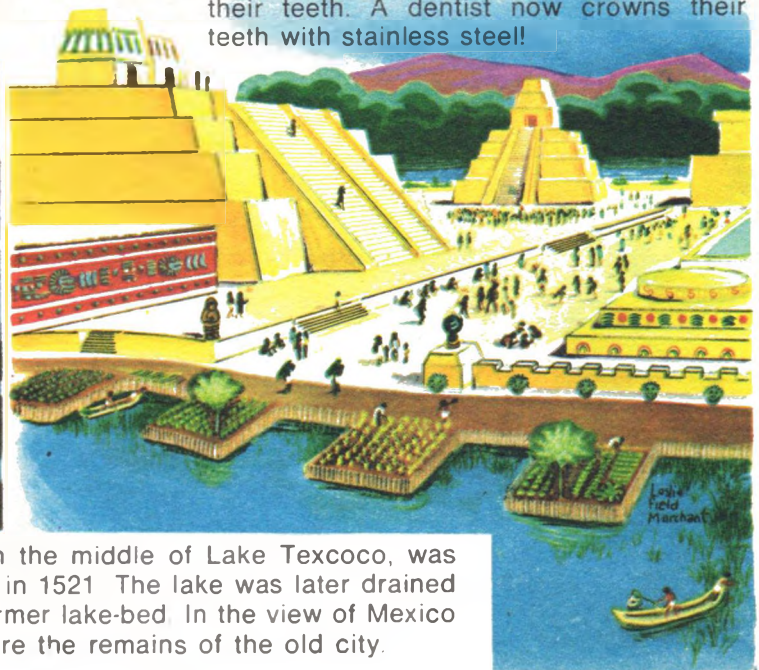
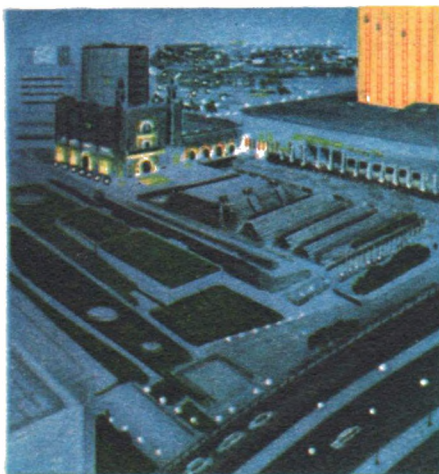


Well, Fancy That!

About two hundred years ago, man invented a steam coach. A law was passed preventing anyone going more than two miles per hour in a town, though you could race along at four miles per hour in the country!



In Wyoming, many valuable cattle were lost because grit in the soil wore away their teeth. A dentist now crowns their teeth with stainless steel!



Mexico City, built on an island in the middle of Lake Texcoco, was destroyed by Spanish conquerors in 1521. The lake was later drained and the new city is built on the former lake-bed. In the view of Mexico City at night, the green patches are the remains of the old city.

Fun with numbers

Look at the pictures and play a counting game.



1. The window cleaner arrives with his ladder. How many rungs can you count?



2. He starts to clean the windows. How many panes of glass are there?



3. Mother brings out some biscuits to share between three. How many will they each have?

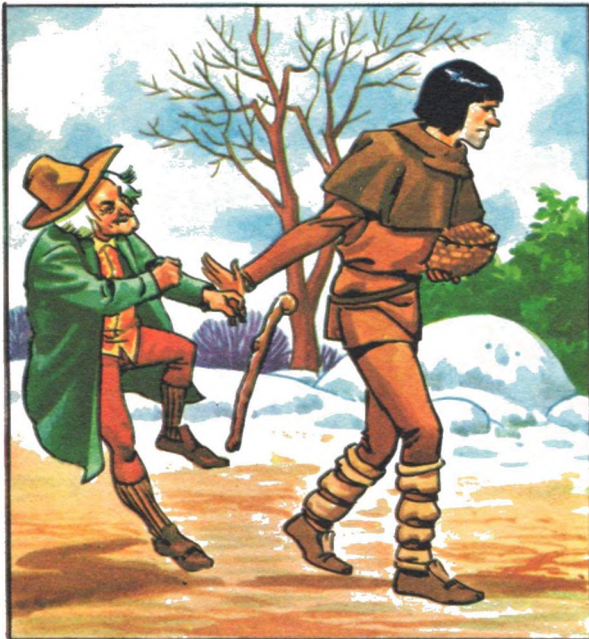
The Three Peaches



1. A king had a daughter who was beautiful but obstinate. "The man I shall marry will be the one who, in the next week, brings me a ripe peach plucked straight from the tree," she told her father. "But it is winter and peaches don't ripen in deep snow," he said.



2. Everyone thought that the princess never intended to marry at all. But in the kingdom there lived a good farmer who had three sons, and it happened that he was trudging home through the deep, cold snow, when he saw three ripe peaches growing.



3. He gave one of the winter peaches to his eldest son and told him to take it to the princess in a basket. A strange old man asked to see it, but was rudely pushed aside.



4. When he reached the palace, the eldest son knelt before the princess and offered her the basket. "This is what you wanted," he said. But, alas, the peach was old and bad.



5. Next day, the second son set out with one of the ripe winter peaches to take it to the palace. Again the strange old man asked to see it, but was even more rudely pushed to one side. "Out of my way, you stupid old fellow," said the son. "I am in a great hurry."



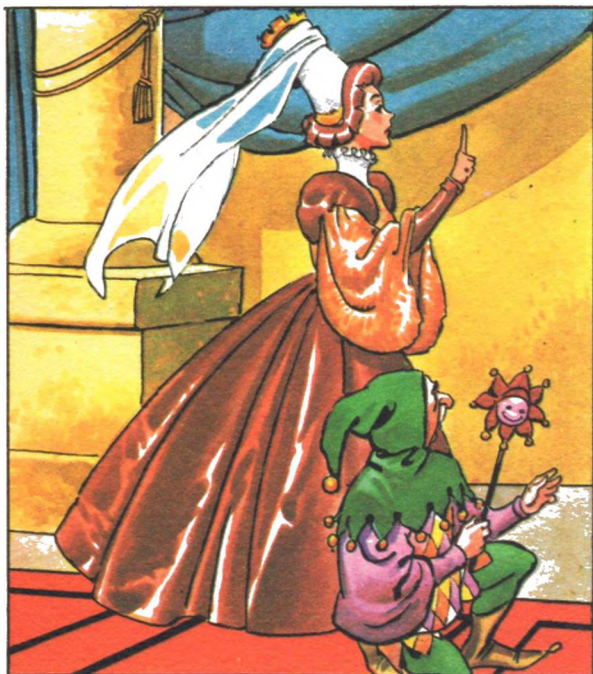
6. He found the princess in the garden of the palace and knelt down on the steps. "I bring you what you asked for, princess," he said. But when he opened the basket she gave a gasp of horror. "It is rotten!" she said. "Go away before I call the palace guards."



7. So the youngest of the three sons set off for the palace with the last of the winter peaches. This time he showed the peach to the strange old man, who said, "Take this tiny whistle. You have only to blow on it and everybody who hears it will follow you."



8. At the palace the princess was surprised to see the beautiful, ripe winter peach. She was not anxious to marry the poor boy, so she quickly said, "You must do something first. In the royal park are one hundred hares. Guard them for a week without losing even one."



9. The youth went away to perform this strange task and the princess watched him go with a satisfied smile. "I will never have to wed him," she told the court jester, "for it is impossible to keep a hundred lively hares in one place for a week. He will surely fail."



10. The princess was wrong, however. With the tiny magic whistle to help him, the young man had no difficulty in keeping the hundred hares together in the royal park. If they skipped away, all he had to do was to blow a few notes and they all came scampering back.



11. When the princess was told that all was going well with the young man's task, she was worried. "Somehow I must make him lose one," she said. So she disguised herself as a servant-girl and set out from the palace on the back of a donkey. Her plan was simple.



12. She went to visit the young man. "Will you sell me one of these fine hares?" she asked. "No, they are not for sale," replied the young man. "But I will give you one on one condition. If you kiss that donkey of yours on the nose, you can have one."



13. Still not wishing to marry the poor young fellow, she agreed to kiss the donkey. Then she was given one of the hares, which she tucked under one arm. "I got what I set out for," she smiled, riding away. "I have made him lose one of the hundred hares."



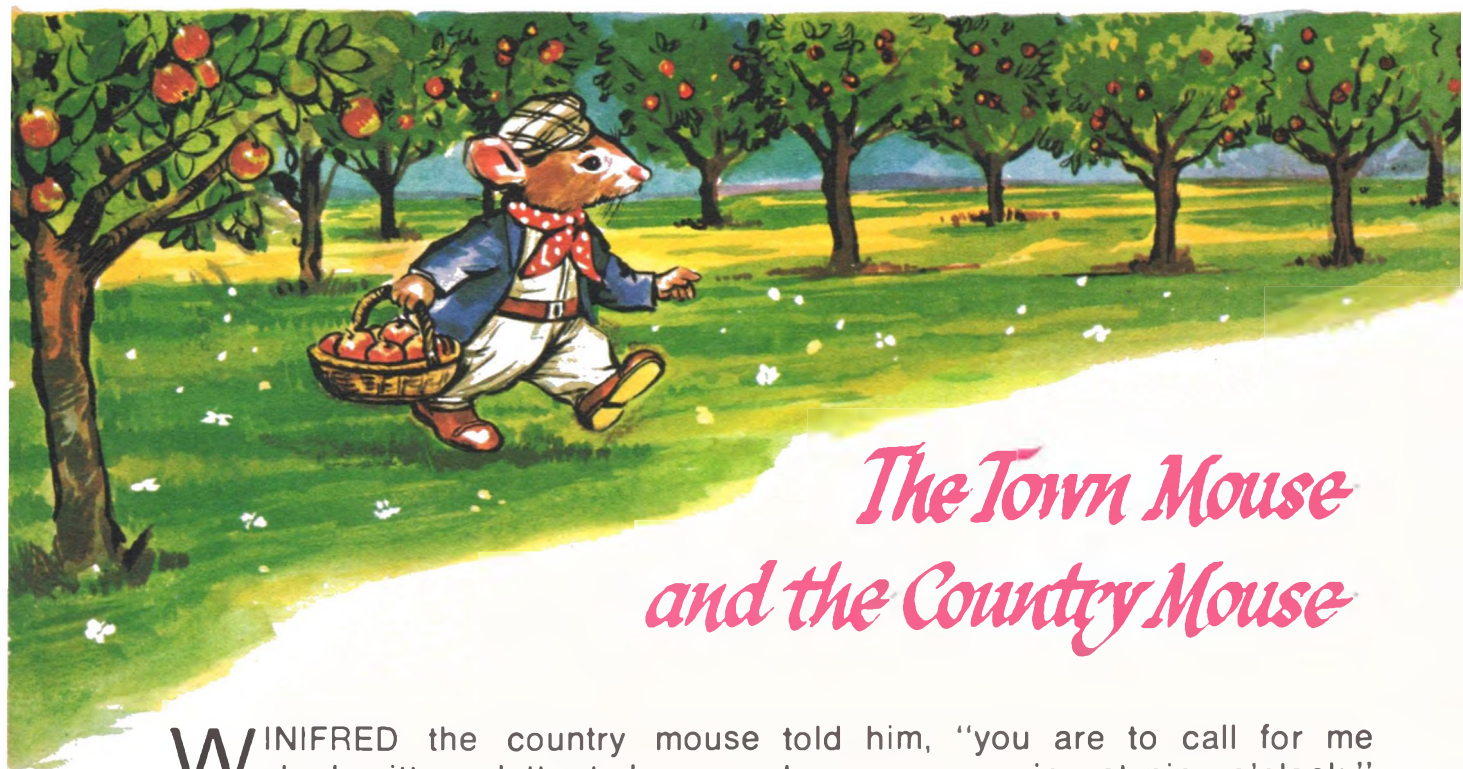
14. Before she had gone very far, however, there came the sound of a sharp note from a tin whistle. The hare wriggled from her arms and rushed back to join the others. "How very odd!" thought the princess. "I also have a feeling that I must turn and go back."



15. The hare was the first to arrive back at the feet of the clever young man. "That still makes the hundred, and this is the last day of the week," he chuckled. "I have won." It was not long before both the princess and the donkey obeyed the whistle and arrived, too.



16. So the princess gave in and said that she would keep her promise. She soon found out that she had a kind, clever and honest young man for a husband, and in the end she was not the least bit sorry that he had brought her a rare and ripe peach grown in winter.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

WINIFRED the country mouse had written a letter to her cousin, Stephanie and her boyfriend, Nigel.

In the letter she had invited the couple to tea and, as it was apple picking time, they would be able to take some apples back to the town in Nigel's car.

Stephanie didn't like the country but she did like Winifred's apples which were rosy red and very juicy.

"I must telephone Nigel," thought Stephanie, placing her cousin's letter on the coffee table.

And so, a few minute's later, Nigel was hearing all about the invitation.

"You'll be able to help Winifred's boyfriend, Bertie collect the apples while Winifred and I have tea on the lawn," said Stephanie.

Nigel agreed glumly. He didn't want to go to the country but he knew better than to argue with Stephanie once her mind was made up.

"Now don't forget, Nigel," she

told him, "you are to call for me tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

Stephanie was waiting on the doorstep of her posh town house when Nigel arrived the next day.

"I thought that we could have a picnic lunch," she called gaily, pushing a large picnic hamper under Nigel's nose. "I've packed chicken sandwiches, ham rolls, iced cakes and orange juice."

"Lovely," said Nigel, licking his lips while placing the heavy hamper in the boot of his car.

It certainly was a marvellous day for a picnic. The cloudless sky was a deep blue and the sun shone warmly on to the shining bodywork of the little roadster and the two happy mice inside.

But their carefree mood didn't last for long.

Things started to go wrong when they stopped to have lunch.

Stephanie was stung by a wasp that had managed to land on a sandwich she was about to eat, and

Nigel had to spend all of his time keeping the flies and other insects off his girlfriend.

"I say, Stevie, old girl," groaned Nigel, brushing yet another fly off Stephanie's sandwich. "Every fly in the country must be trying to share our meal."

"Oh Nigel! Do stop saying silly things. Your girlfriend is in terrible pain and all you can do is make unfunny remarks. I hate wasps and I hate the country."

"Cheer up—things aren't so bad, old bean," said Nigel reassuringly. "After all, who can blame a wasp for wanting to taste a sweet piece of meat like you?"

And Stephanie, who for once could not think of a catty reply, sat on the grass and sulked.

Winifred and Bertie were in the orchard when the two angry picnickers arrived.

Stephanie stepped out of the car and stormed into her cousin's cottage, leaving Nigel to park the car in the lane outside the farm.

"What a journey," gasped Stephanie, flopping down into the nearest chair.

And her cousin, after sympathetically murmuring "poor dear,"

trotted into the kitchen to prepare tea.

Outside, Nigel and Bertie were working very hard. Bertie had placed a ladder against one of the fruit trees and had climbed to the top. From this position he could reach for the ripened fruit and pass them to Nigel who was waiting below.

The two friends chatted happily together and failed to see Rex the Wrecker sauntering along the lane, singing softly to himself.

When he saw Nigel's car, he gave a low whistle. Rex loved cars and looking round to make sure that no one was looking, he slid into the driving seat.

Now on the floor was an interesting lever. This was the hand brake that stops a car from moving when it is parked.

Perhaps if Rex had known what the lever was, he wouldn't have lowered the lever to the floor.

The car had been parked on a slope and now, of course, it began to roll down the hill.

"Help!" shouted Rex, as the car began to gather speed. "Help!"

Fortunately, his cry was heard in the orchard and Nigel rushed into the lane in time to see his car dis-





appearing down the road.

"Put the hand brake on," yelled Nigel.

But poor Rex was so frightened that he ignored Nigel and jumped out of the car.

At the end of the lane was a large haystack and it was into this that the runaway car finally ended with a thump.

Luckily the roadster was not damaged.

Stephanie was furious: She and Winifred had rushed to the garden

gate when Rex's cries had pierced the quiet afternoon air, and together they had watched the car's progress down the lane to the haystack.

"This is too much. My nerves are in shreds. We shouldn't have come," wailed Stephanie. "I cannot stay in this dreadful place a moment longer!"

"But . . ." Winifred began to plead with her cousin to stay a little longer but she knew that it was useless to argue. Stephanie would not change her mind.

Outside, in the lane, Stephanie's boyfriend and Bertie were rushing towards the haystack.

Rex the Wrecker, who was cowering in a ditch, whimpered with fright as the two boys ran towards him, but when he saw that they had forgotten all about him and were only interested in saving the car, he gave a hearty sigh and went bounding off across the fields.

"My car, my poor car," gasped Nigel, when he saw it buried amongst the golden hay. "How shall we get her out?"

"Don't worry," said Bertie, who was very level-headed. "I shall use my tractor to pull the car clear."

The car was soon rescued from the haystack and Nigel drove it to where the crates, now full of apples, were stacked beside one of the out-buildings.

Bertie had filled the back seat and the boot with fruit by the time Steph-

anie was ready to leave.

"Goodbye, dear." Winifred planted a friendly kiss on her cousin's cheek. "Don't be too annoyed with Rex. He's not a bad boy at heart."

"Hmm!" Stephanie retorted. "Well I hope that this afternoon's little adventure will have taught him a lesson."

Winifred and Bertie waved until the car was but a small speck in the distance.

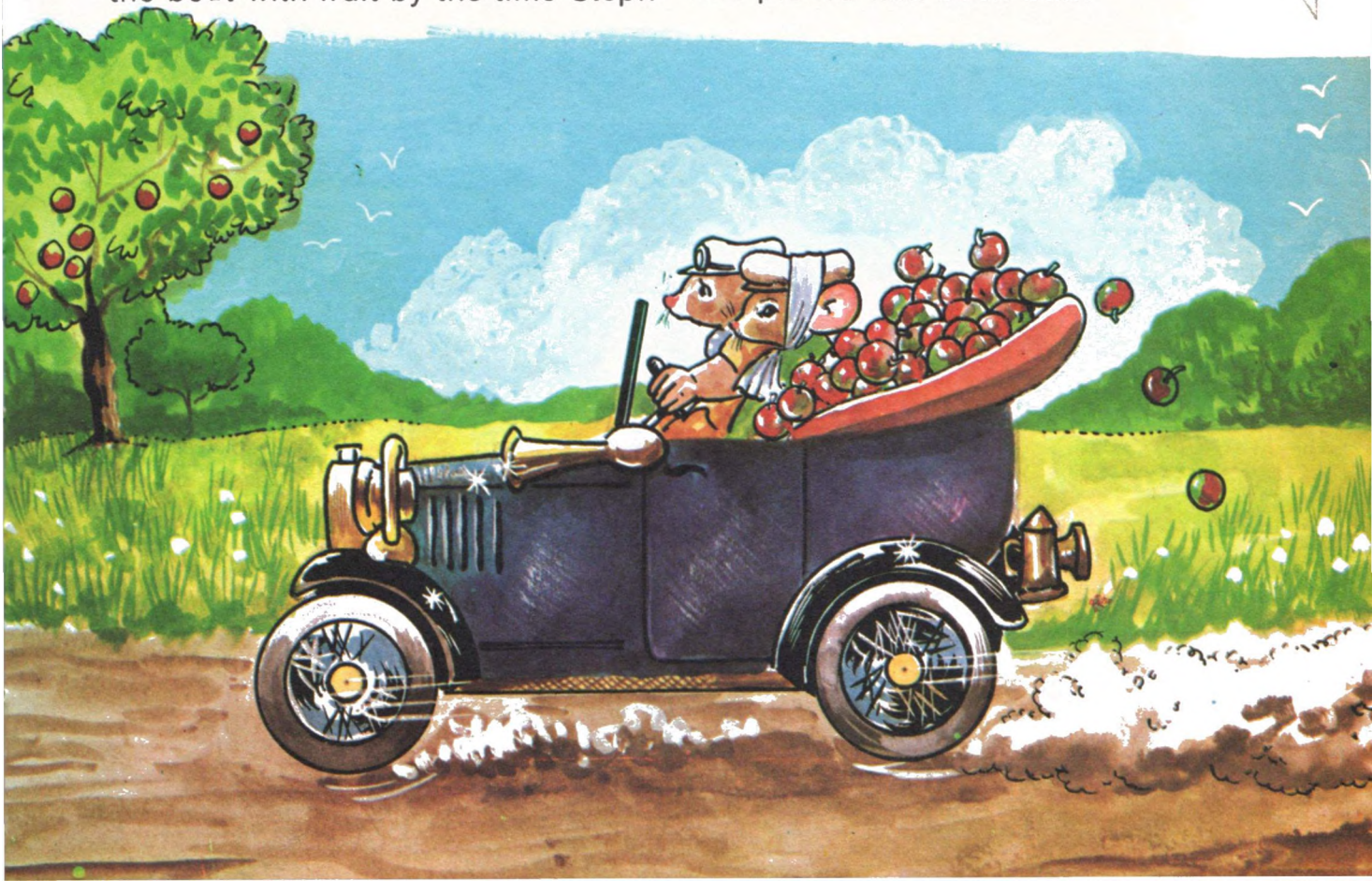
"It hasn't been such a bad day after all," remarked the proud town mouse as the lights of home appeared on the horizon.

"But Stevie. . . you said you had had a terrible day. What's changed your mind?" asked Nigel.

"This."

She lifted up an apple and took another large bite.

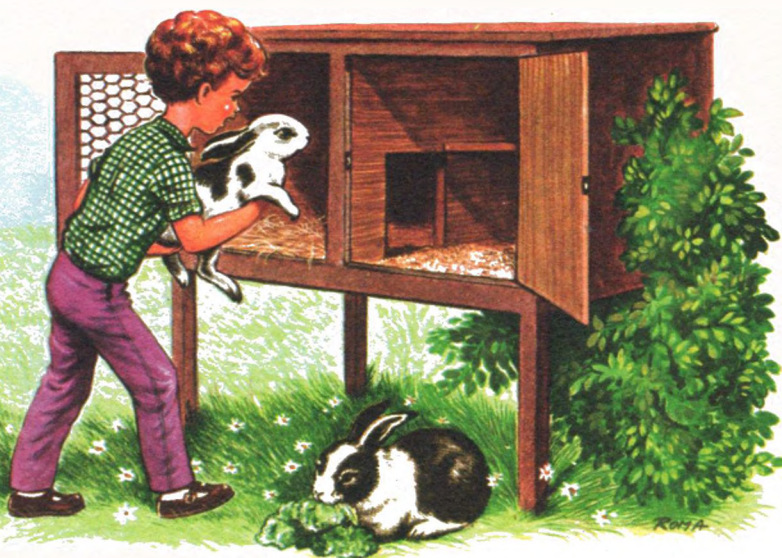
I wonder what would have happened if the apple that Stephanie had picked had been bad?





Pets are Fun!

We all love to have pets, but some of us forget to look after them in a proper manner. If you buy a pet you must remember that it may live for many years, and during that time it will need a lot of your time spent on feeding, cleaning and general care. Ponies and donkeys need exercise and grooming. Dogs will want a walk in the morning and evening. They like a little time for play, too, and need a good brush and regular feeding. This also applies to cats, although they will generally attend to their own walks. Rabbits should have a spacious two-roomed hut, fresh bedding and greenstuff. So be prepared to give up some of your precious time, as well as your love and affection, to your own pet.





Sheep Farming in Australia

A typical Australian sheep farm, or sheep station as they are called in Australia, may cover an area of anything up to 2,000 square acres. A neighbour could live as far as fifty miles away, so there is no chance of popping next door for a chat!

Because these sheep stations are cut off from towns and cities, most of the food is produced on the station itself. The food that cannot be grown or produced is bought in the town and stored in large storerooms on the station.

The sheep station is like a small town, with its own general store, library, playing fields, swimming pool (which is very popular in the long

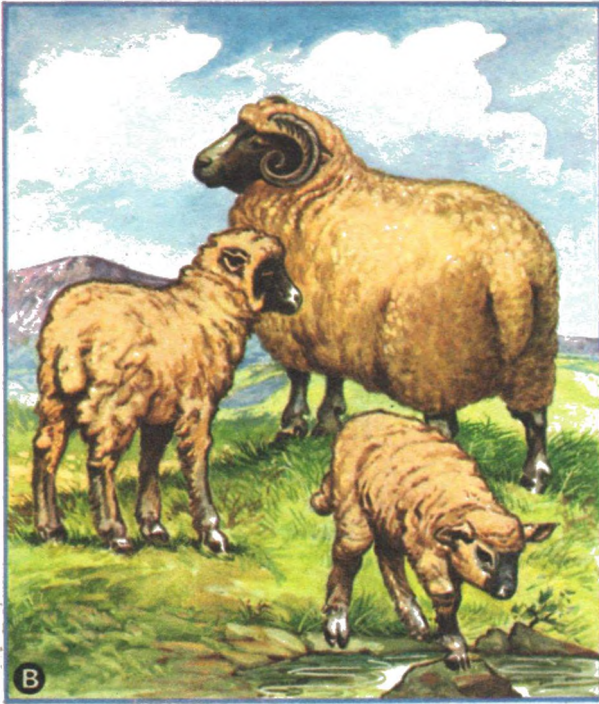
summer months) and generator for making electricity.

There are many dwellings that house the families who work there and the unmarried men live in comfortable barracks with their own bedroom and sitting room.

If you visited a sheep station you would see butchers, bakers, horse-breakers, engineers, builders and store-keepers.

Rarely are all these people at the head station at any one time. There are fences to mend, crops to tend, sheep dips to prepare and many other important jobs.

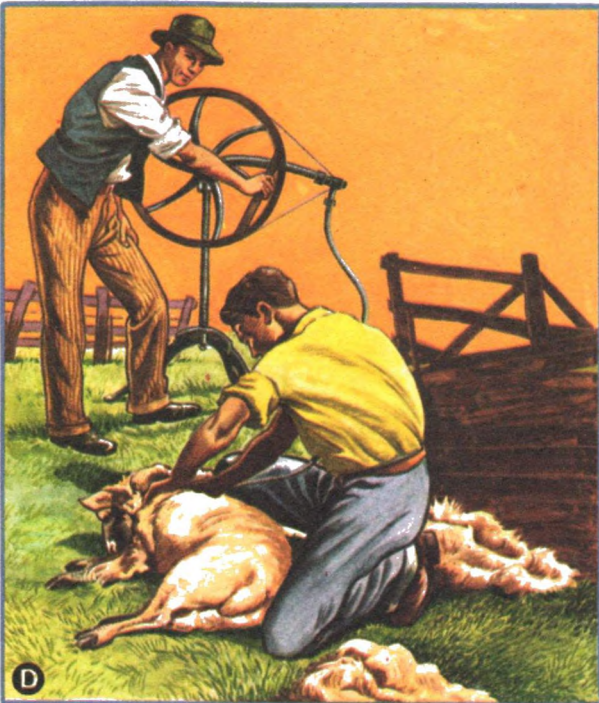
But one of the most important jobs on the station is carried out by the



"Jackeroos."

A jackeroo is a man whose job is to round up the sheep at shearing time and to find any sheep that have strayed from the flock during the winter months.

The men who shear the sheep do not live at the station all the year round, but travel from one station to

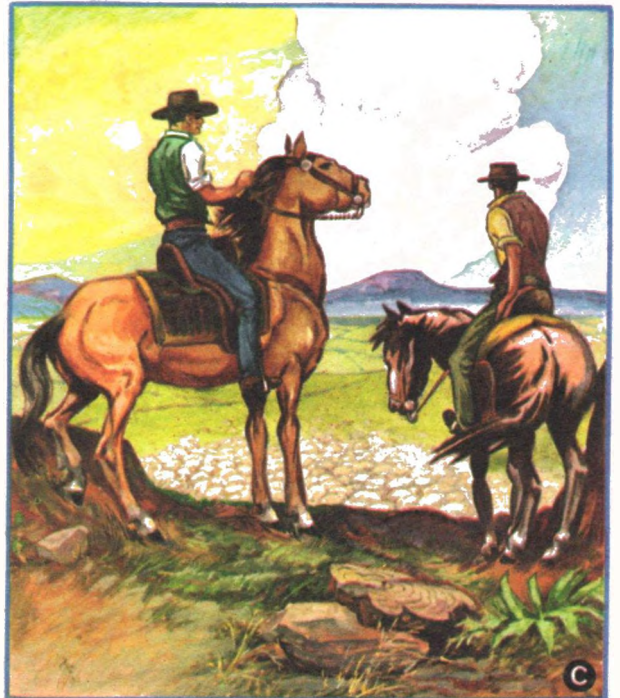


another. They are paid so much for each sheep that is shorn, so the more they shear, the more money they earn.

In the olden days, sheep shearing was done by hand. Now, electric clippers cut the time taken in half.

Shearing takes place in the spring, so that the woolly coats can be shorn from the sheep before the weather becomes too warm.

After a sheep has been shorn, it is dipped in a trough filled with



disinfectant. The sheep does not enjoy being ducked under the disinfectant but it prevents insects from living on the animal's skin.

Before the sheep are driven back to the grazing land, they have to be branded. This is done so that the farmer can see at a glance which sheep belong to him. The branding is done with a tool bearing a letter or a special sign. A strong dye is used that will not wash off in the rain.

The wool or fleece, as it is sometimes called, is taken to a large out-building where it is sorted. The men who divide the wool into different grades are called "Classers." These men look carefully at the wool, noting its colour and length and how fine it is.

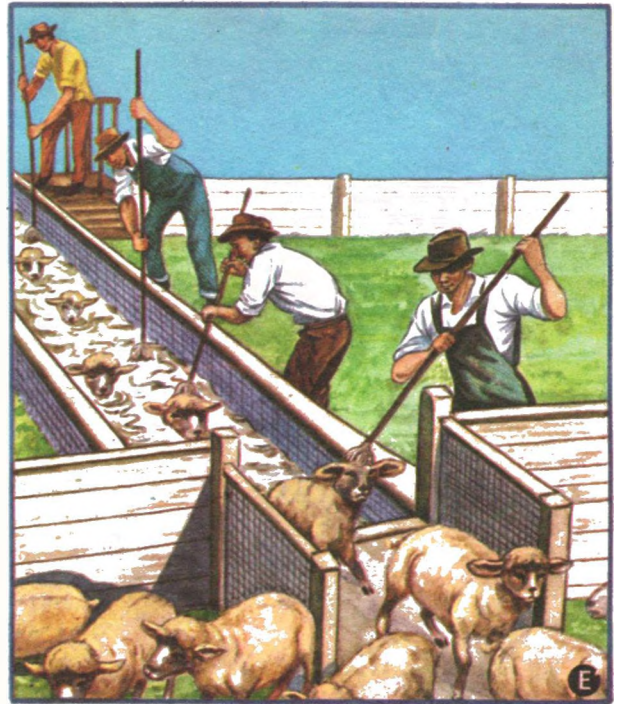
The sorted wool is then pressed so that it will fit into a container called a bale, and weighed. The bales are sent to wool-selling auctions and bought by people who



make jumpers and cardigans, carpets and rugs and lots of other things that we use in our homes.

Next time you put on your woollen jumper, just stop and think—the wool used in its making may have come from Merino sheep which are bred in Australia. A true Merino is used only for producing wool and it is of the highest quality.

Angora is a very fine, fluffy wool and comes from the Angora goat who is found in areas of Turkey. Of



course there are many other kinds of wool and it is taken from sheep who live in such countries as New Zealand, South Africa and Argentina.

So snuggle down into your sweater and think of those sheep who have given it to you and who live in a land many miles away.



This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story turn to page 93, and try to answer the questions about it.

Can I give you a tow, Sir?

For hundreds of years horses were the only form of transport used in the world—until some clever inventors put their brains to work to make carriages which would run without horses.

These were the first motor-cars seen on the roads and people called them horseless carriages because that is what they were.

The roads in those days were not built for fast motor-traffic as they are now. In places the roads crossed a shallow stream. This sort of crossing place was called a ford. A horse could walk through it—but a motor-car often got stuck.

That is just what has happened to the motor-car in the picture!

But it just goes to show that horses were still useful, for the farmer has come to their rescue and they are glad to hear him call out: "Can I give you a tow, sir?"





NATURE DIARY

THE TERNS

These beautiful birds, so swift in their flight over the sea are sometimes known as sea-swallows, for they are constantly turning and twisting in the air as they search for fish, on which they dive. They are smaller than sea-gulls. Starting at the top, the picture shows the Arctic Tern, the Roseate Tern, the Sandwich Tern, the Little Tern and the Common Tern. Their eggs are shown below.



Common



Roseate



Arctic



Little

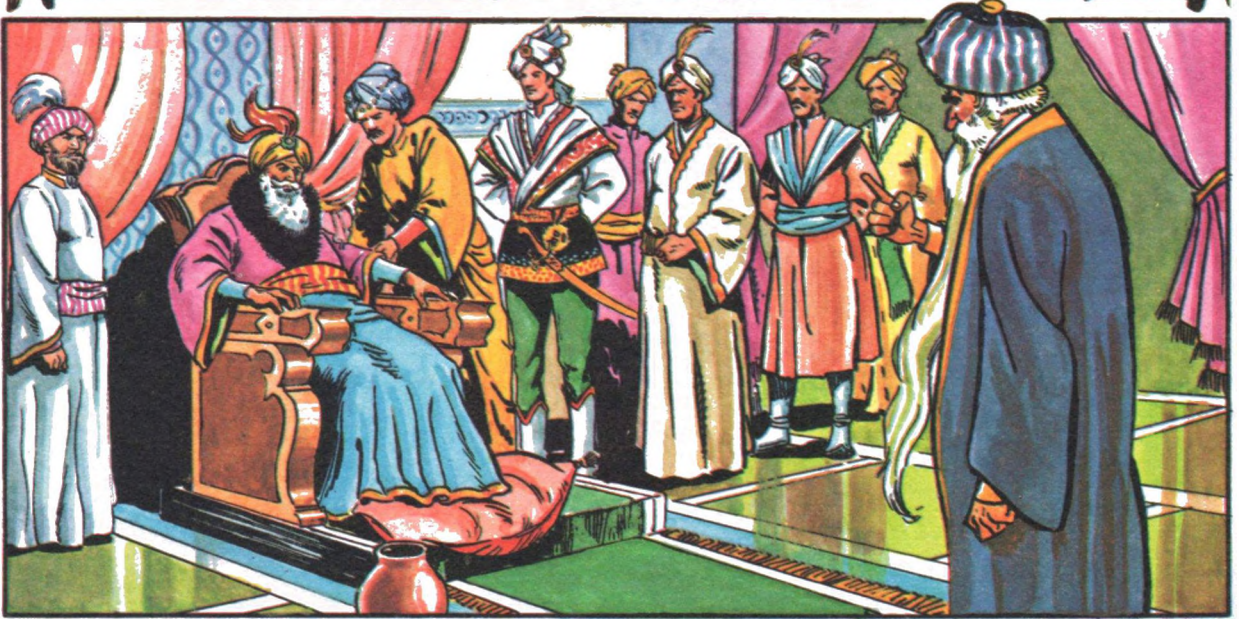


Sandwich

India and Pakistan

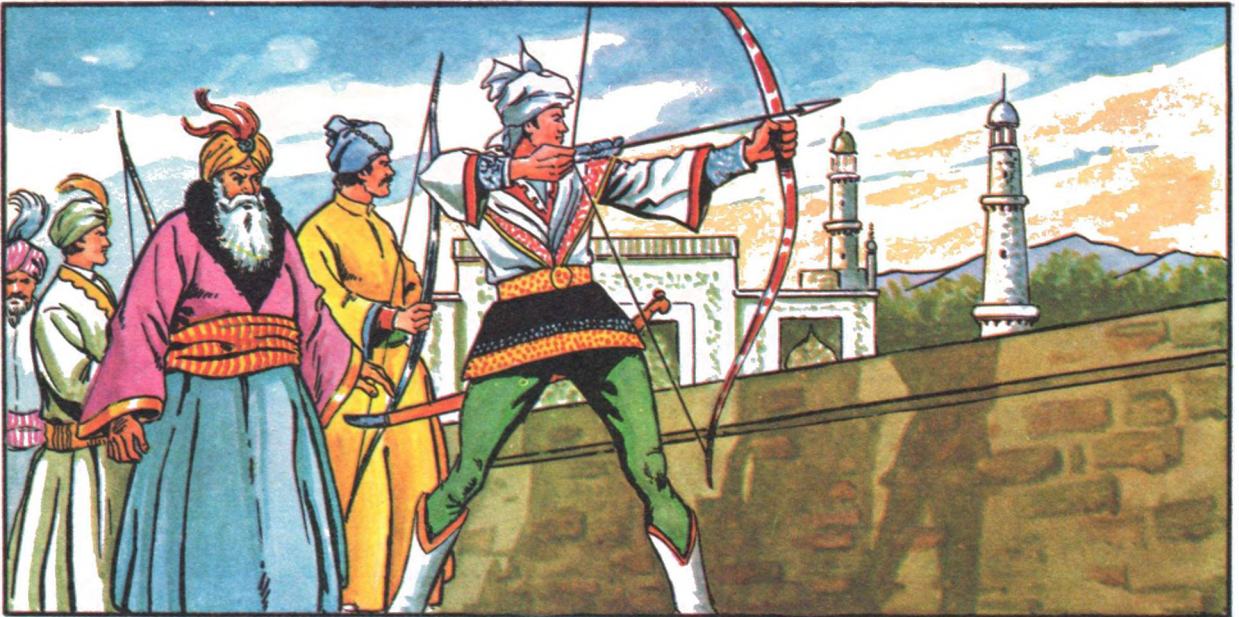


The Monkey Princess



1. Once there lived a Rajah who had seven sons. They were all treated exactly alike, and the time came for them to be married—but the Rajah was anxious to find seven brides who would all be equal in every way.

2. "This is not possible, sir," said the wise man of the court. "Each of your sons must go to the top of the tower and shoot an arrow in any direction he chooses. The maiden closest to where the arrow falls shall be a bride."



3. All the princely sons agreed to abide by this and took their bows and arrows to the top of a tall tower. Then, one by one, they fired their arrows into the distance, and wondered if they would find a beautiful bride.

4. They were worried in case their arrows fell near the home of an ugly and sharp-tempered maiden. The youngest prince was the last to shoot an arrow and then all hurried to find where their shots had landed.



5. The first six sons to shoot were all in luck. Their arrows fell to the ground near to six charming girls. "By my father's beard," said the eldest when he found his arrow. "I could not have chosen better!"



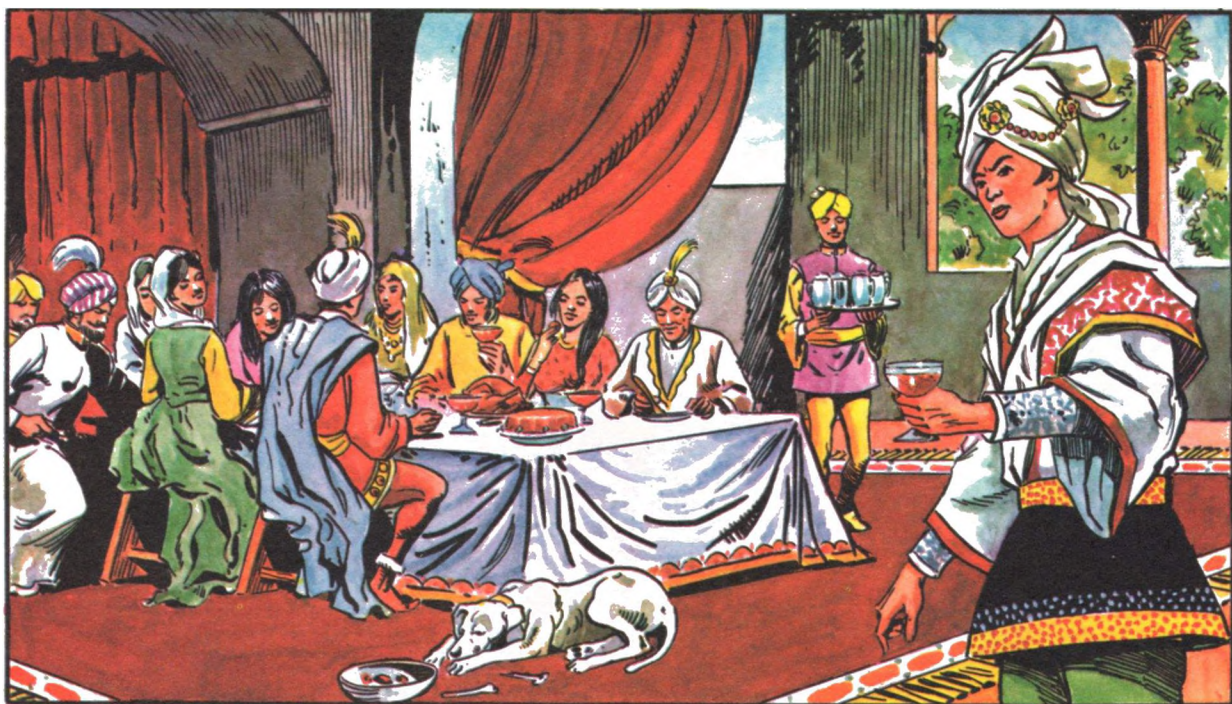
6. The youngest, however, shot his arrow much farther than the others. It went away over the city wall and deep in the jungle. The young prince set off to find it, and it took him hours to locate where it had fallen.



7. At last he found it, stuck into the branch of an old banyan tree, and sitting close to the arrow was a monkey. "Oh, what evil luck befalls me," sighed the young prince. "Now it seems I shall never have a lovely bride."



8. The lucky brothers wanted him to fire a second time, but the youngest had given his word to the wise man. A little sadly, he took the monkey back to his own palace as a pet. He called her Ranee, a name meaning Queen.



9. During the next few days there took place great feasts and celebrations at the palaces of the six lucky brothers and the new brides. The youngest prince joined in to wish them good fortune, but it was with a heavy heart.

10. "My good brothers are indeed blessed with good luck," he said to himself as he stood apart from the feast and drank a glass of wine. "They have six of the most lovely wives while I have only a little monkey."



11. Then one day as the youngest prince was in his palace, the little monkey came to him. He was fond of Ranee and spoke to her. "Will I ever have a wedding feast?" he asked. "I have no wife. What shall I do little Ranee?"



12. To his surprise the little monkey said, "Do not be dismayed, master." She skipped away and came back with a piece of pottery on which were words which said: "Do as I say and throw me into the old banyan tree."



13. The prince wondered what was happening. "Can it be true that Raneer spoke to me?" he said. However, he hurried back to the spot in the jungle where his arrow had fallen and tossed the piece of pottery into the old tree.



14. You can imagine his surprise when a most beautiful girl stepped out from inside the hollow of the tree. "So you have come, my prince," she said. "I am glad." And I am glad, too," said the delighted prince.



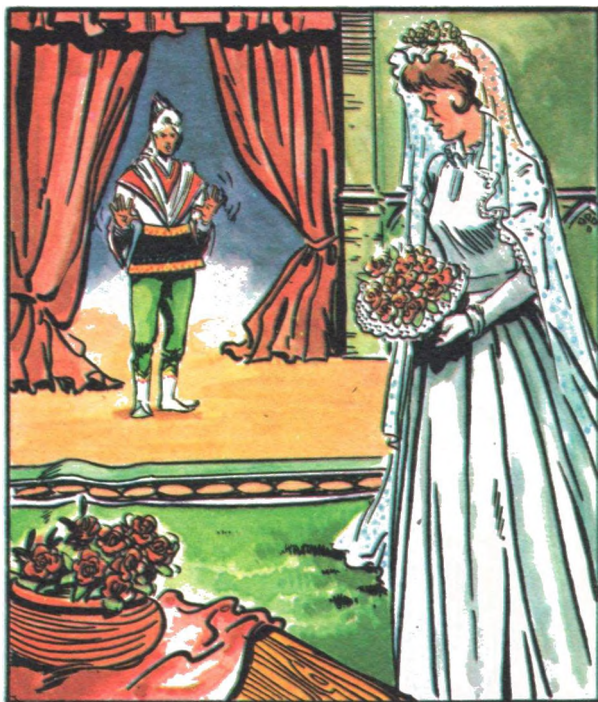
15. Having fallen in love with the girl, he asked her to return to the palace with him, but she shook her head. "Go home, however, and send out the invitations to your own wedding feast," she said. "Do as I tell you."



16. So the prince hurried from the jungle and returned to his own palace. "I will do as that lovely maiden commanded," he said to himself. "I shall make arrangements for a wedding feast but shall I have a bride?"



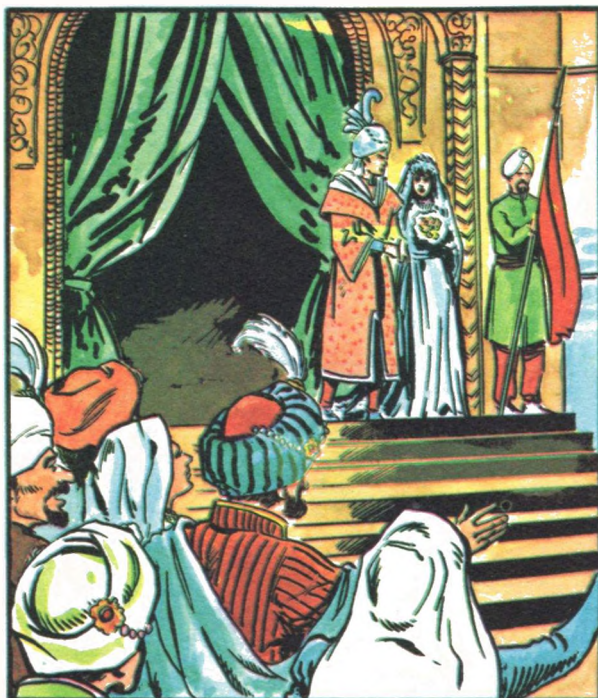
17. He told the story to little Ranee, but she said nothing that would make the prince less worried about what he was doing. When the day came for the wedding, his father and his brothers asked, "Where is your bride?"



18. Not able to explain, the young prince slipped away to find little Ranee. When he entered the room where he had left the little monkey, he was astonished to see, not Ranee but the beautiful girl from the banyan tree.



19. "You wanted a bride and here I am, good prince," she said. "You will never see Ranee again. Because I was that monkey. I changed myself into Ranee to test you and see if you would keep the vow you made."



20. The prince kissed her joyfully and then proudly took his lovely bride to the others. His father and brothers and guests wished good fortune on the pair of them, but none guessed the secret of the Monkey Princess.

The Wild Swans

THERE was once a King who had twelve children—eleven princes and one princess, whose name was Elisa. They were the happiest child-

ren in the whole world until the day their mother died and the King married a new Queen.

This Queen, who was a wicked



witch, started to ill-treat the children, especially Elisa, who was much more beautiful than her. The Queen was very jealous of her and planned to take her revenge on all the children.

One day she called all the eleven young princes together and, waving her magic wand, she said :

"I command you to change at once into eleven wild swans !"

And thus it was. The princes were changed into swans and they flew away from the Palace with sad cries.

Poor Elisa, left alone, was sent away by the Queen to live among the poor country people and nobody at the Palace saw her again.

Several years passed by. Then one day Elisa plucked up courage enough to go back to the Palace and appear before the King, her father. But she was so badly dressed, in rags and tatters, that the King did not know her and sent her away.

Sad and lonely, Elisa wandered deep into the forests. She dressed herself as best she could in fallen leaves and lived off the berries and fruits she found on the bushes.

One evening, she looked up into the sky and saw eleven white swans flying down towards her.

"Eleven—like my brothers," Elisa thought to herself.

At that moment the setting sun grew red and the eleven wild swans changed into eleven handsome princes. Elisa recognised them at once.

"Oh, my dear brothers," she cried. "I thought you were dead !"

"It was our wicked stepmother who changed us into swans," explained the eldest of the princes. "Every evening, when the sun goes

red, we change back into the princes again for a short time. When the sun sets we become wild swans. We live on an island in the middle of the sea."

"I'd like to go there with you," said Elisa. "Can you take me?"

The brothers agreed and quickly built a sort of hammock from grass and on this they carried their sister through the sky.

As they passed over the sea, Elisa saw a wonderful castle which rose up out of the sparkling waves. In the castle's gardens, large palm trees swayed gently in the breeze and flowers could be seen that had blossoms as large as mill wheels.

"That's the castle belonging to Fairy Morgana," explained the eldest of the swans.

Elisa was not allowed to have more than one other brief glimpse of it, for the castle suddenly vanished into the sea.

A little bewildered by all this, Elisa reached a small, rocky island with her brothers, and there they spent the night.

But during her sleep, Elisa seemed to see the vision of a beautiful woman, who spoke to her and said :

"Elisa, I am the Fairy Morgana. Would you like your brothers to be released from the wicked spell cast on them by the bad Queen?"

"There's nothing I would rather have," said Elisa. "Tell me how this can be done."

"I will tell you, but it will be a long and difficult task," said Fairy Morgana. "If you have the courage then your brothers will be saved. Listen carefully now. You must seek out the biggest nettles which you will find in the woods and in the ceme-



teries. These you must spin into a thread and weave eleven jackets with long sleeves. But during the time of your work, even though it might take years and years, you must not speak one word. If you speak, everything will be ruined."

The fairy disappeared and Elisa woke up. Her brothers carried her back across the sea to the mainland and put her gently down on the beach near a cave. She was delighted to see that there were many great patches of nettles around and she eagerly began to pluck them from the ground, even though they stung her hands and made her skin all painful and red.

Then came the task of making threads of the nettle stalks. Elisa worked and worked at it and when she had a pile of thread, she sewed and sewed and sewed. And all the time she never said a word.

Many days later, as Elisa was busy

sewing, she heard the sound of horns blowing and the barking of dogs. A hunt was taking place and the riders came galloping down to the beach. At the head of them was a handsome young man, splendidly dressed.

He dismounted and came to Elisa, looking at her in wonder.

"Beautiful maiden," he said. "I am the King of a large country and your loveliness enchants me. Come with me to my Kingdom and I will make you my wife."

Elisa lowered her head and did not speak. She would have liked to have run away, but the young King gently lifted her to her feet, then put her on his horse. He carried Elisa away but she had already made sure that all her work went with her.

As the sun went down, the royal city, with its beautiful palace, lay before them. The king led Elisa into the palace, where great fountains





played in marble halls, and where the walls and ceilings were adorned with priceless paintings.

Everybody was thrilled with Elisa. They all loved her—but not one of them succeeded in making her speak even a single word. At the king's command, the richest food was set before her, the loveliest girls danced for her, and the sweetest music was played for her delight. The wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing, but among all the chatter and noise not a word came from the new young Queen.

"She is a witch!" murmured one of the ministers, jealous of her. But the King refused to believe this and continued to love Elisa, who, every day, kept on with her sewing in complete silence.

One evening, when seven of the jackets were finished, Elisa found

that she had no more nettles left.

"What shall I do?" she thought to herself. "I must finish these jackets for my poor brothers, but there are no nettles to be gathered in the Palace garden. The only spot where I can find some is in the cemetery."

In the dead of night, Queen Elisa tip-toed out to the cemetery. What a creepy place it was! But Elisa kept up her courage and gathered a great pile of nettles.

With these she was able to make another three jackets. Now there remained only one to be made.

Needing more nettles, she went back to the cemetery, but there she was seen by the Minister, who followed her secretly and then denounced her to the King.

"She is truly a witch!" he told the King. "She visits the cemetery and there meets other witches and evil spirits."

This time, the King had to believe what he was told. The punishment for a witch was to be burnt—and he sadly gave this order.

Elisa was seized and taken to a prison. But as she was put into a cell, they threw in the jackets and the rest of the nettles.

Still saying nothing, Queen Elisa got on with her task of spinning and weaving and sewing.

"I do not know how much time I have left, but I must complete the eleventh jacket for my youngest brother," she said.

All through the night Elisa kept working. Her hands never stopped and, though her fingers ached, she made the jacket grow into shape.

She had got as far as completing the jacket and one sleeve, when morning came and the door of the



cell opened.

"Make yourself ready, witch," said the Minister.

"Is there no more time?" pleaded Elisa.

"No—not even another moment," was the stern reply.

Elisa was led out, carrying with her the ten complete jackets and the one which still needed a sleeve to complete it.

On a platform the fire was ready. And on the ground below stood a great crowd of people, shouting at her, "You're a witch!"

Then, suddenly, there was a great whirring of wings. The crowd grew silent and looked up into the sky to see eleven wild swans swooping down.

They landed and surrounded Elisa. Overjoyed at the sight of them, she threw the jackets to them

and when they put them on, they changed at once into their real selves and became eleven princes.

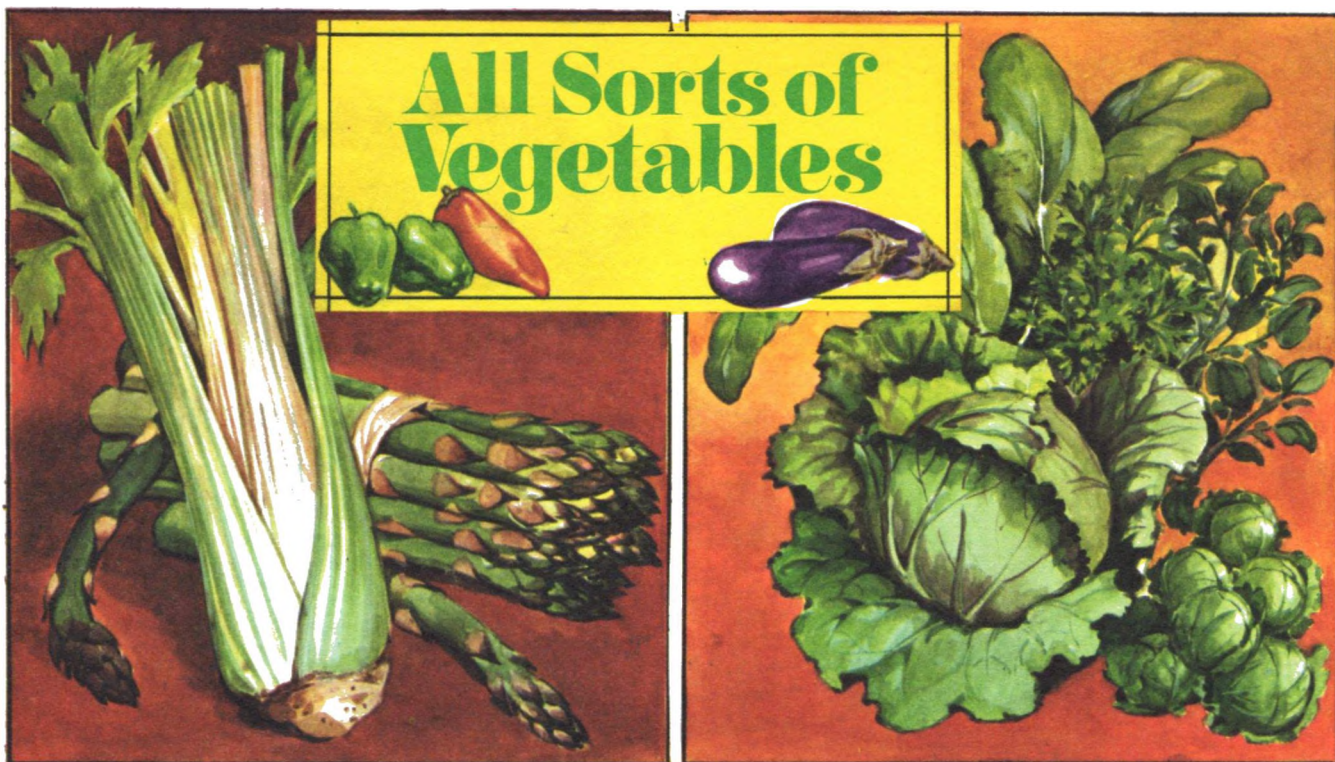
But the youngest of them, who put on the jacket without a sleeve, still had a swan's wing instead of an arm.

Everybody was amazed and the young King was delighted to hear Elisa speak at last. She told him the whole story of the wicked Queen's evil spell which had turned her brothers into wild swans—and why she had been unable to speak a word while weaving the jackets, which would break the spell.

And when he heard Elisa's story, the King loved her even more for her bravery and determination.

So the story ended happily. The King and Elisa ruled the Kingdom wisely and well for many, many years.



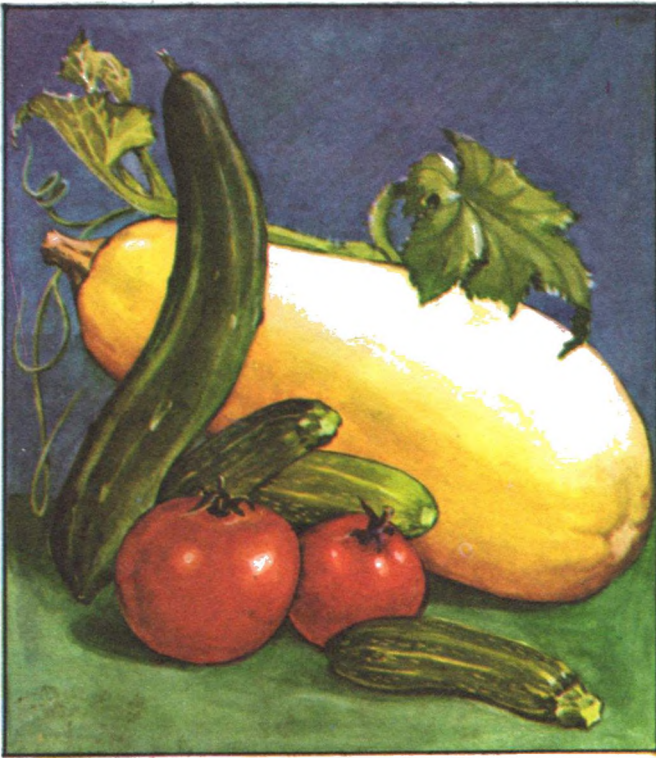


Celery has crisp, juicy stalks. We throw away the leaves and eat the stalks. We also eat the stems of the asparagus plant.

Cabbage, spinach and sprouts are called greens. We use lettuce and parsley leaves in our salads. Watercress is another salad vegetable.



The bottom pictures have been left for you to colour.



Tomatoes, cucumbers, marrows and pumpkins grow on vines and they are the fruit. Tomatoes and cucumbers are good salad vegetables.

Potatoes and yams grow underground. They are called tubers and are part of the plant's stem. Yams are grown in many warm countries.



Try to copy the colour as neatly as you can.



Root vegetables, such as carrots, parsnips and radishes, are shown above. These plants store all their extra food in their roots.

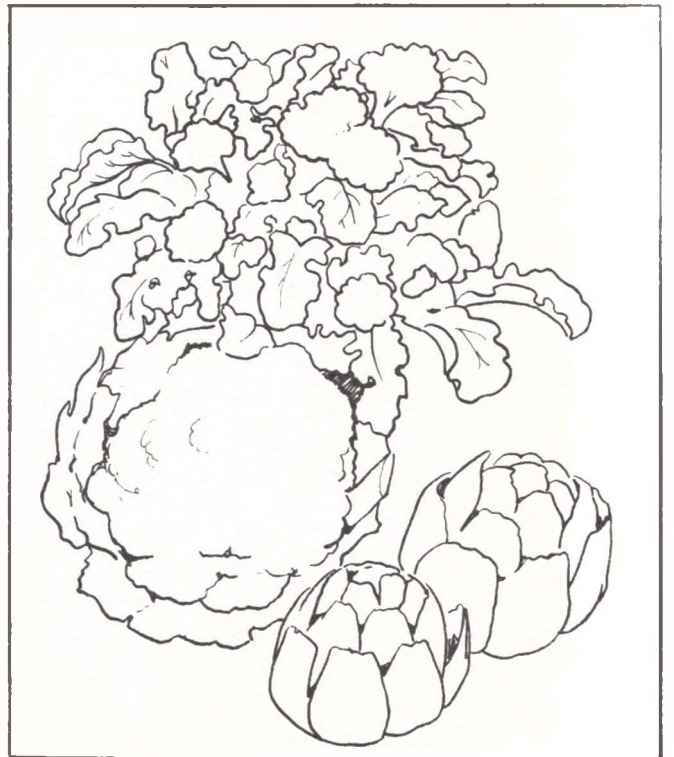
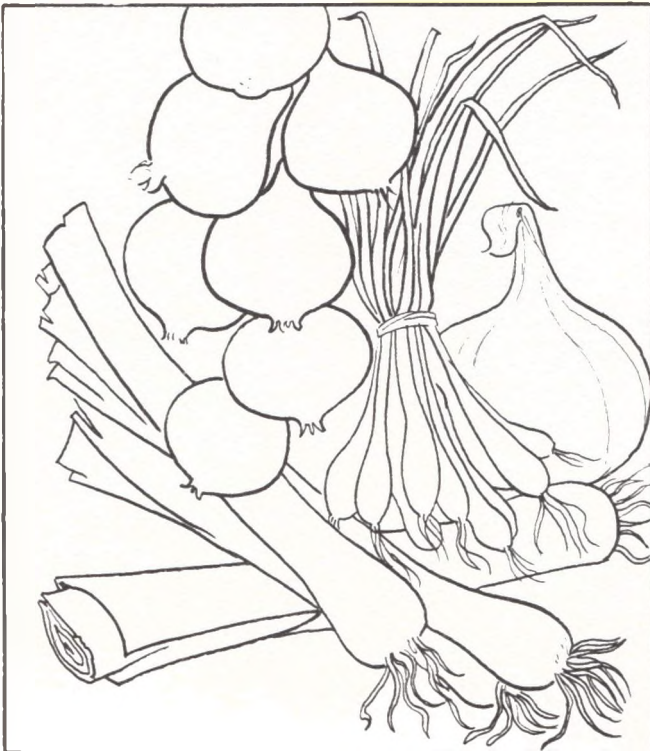
Peas and beans have seeds which we eat. Many peas and beans are frozen so that we can eat them all the year round.

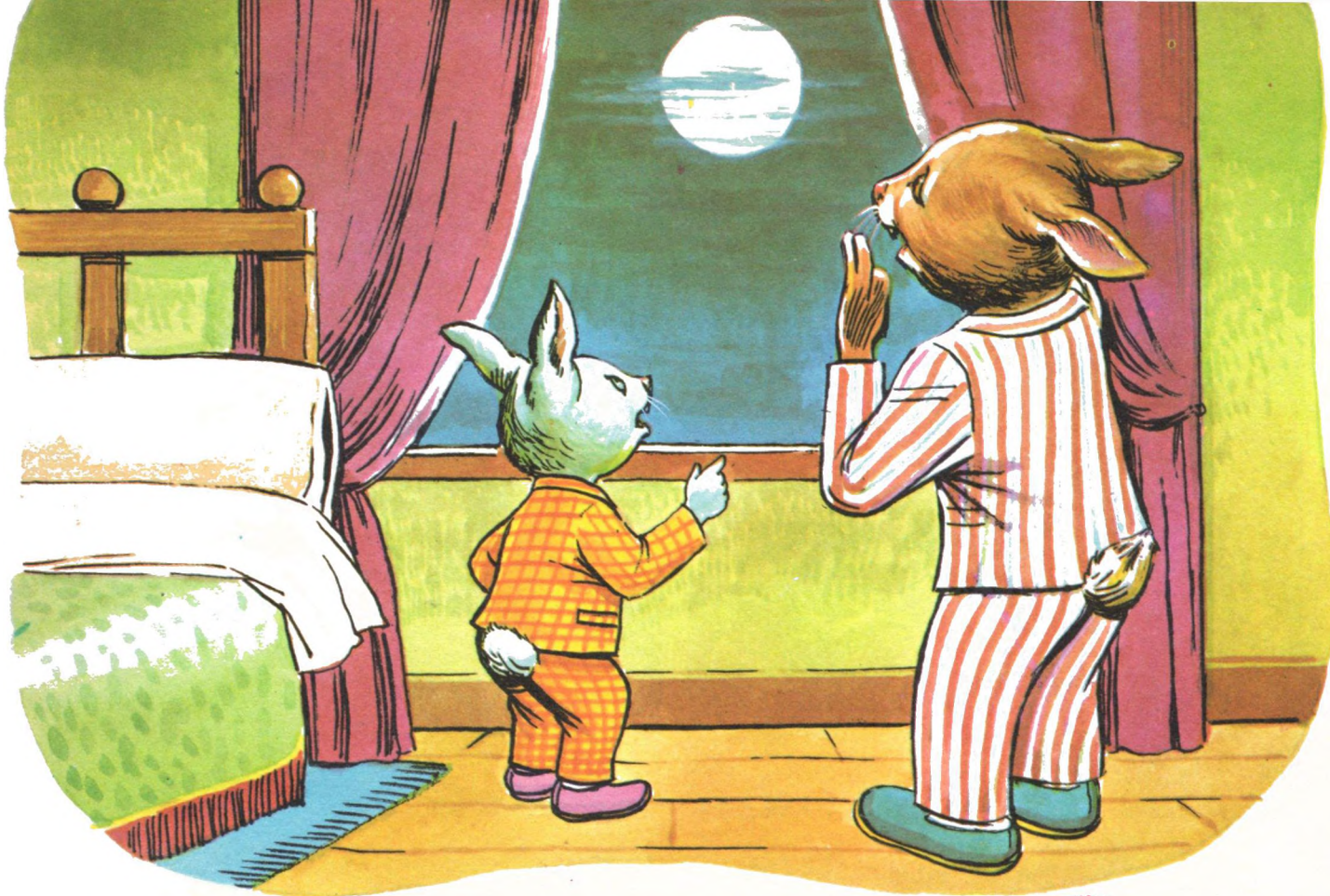




Onions and leeks belong to the lily family. We eat the bulb, which is made up of layers and layers of tightly-folded leaves.

The cauliflower heads we eat are masses of tiny flowers. Broccoli is best eaten when the little green buds have not come into bloom.





BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit can't be caught napping!

NOW it happened one day that Brer Fox, Brer Wolf and Brer Bear were having a grumble among themselves.

"It's not right for an artful little scamp like him to get the better of bigger folks like us," said Brer Fox.

"No indeed," agreed Brer Wolf. "But how can you catch somebody who's more slippery than an eel?"

"And as artful and cunning as a cageful of monkeys," said Brer Bear.

Can you guess who they were talking about? There was only one person around those parts who fitted the description and, of course, it was Brer Rabbit.

"You can never catch him," Brer Fox said. "He's too wide awake."

"Sure, sure he is," said Brer Wolf.

"Well, that's just given me an idea," said Brer Bear in his slow old way. "When does Brer Rabbit go to bed as a rule?"

"Regular at ten-o'clock," said Brer Fox.

"And he gets up regular at seven in the morning," added Brer Wolf.

Brer Bear did a sum in his head. It took him a full minute but he got the right answer.

"That's nine hours of sleep," he said. "No wonder Brer Rabbit always hops around so frisky in the daytime."

Now listen hard, you two, because here's my idea. We keep Brer Rabbit awake all night and in the morning he'll be so tired out that he won't be able to dodge away from us."

"But if we keep Brer Rabbit wide awake all night we'll keep ourselves awake as well," complained Brer Fox. "Then we'll be too tired to catch a tired Brer Rabbit."

Brer Bear gave a deep chuckle.

"Ah, but you see we take it in turns to keep him awake," he went on to explain. "We'll do it for three hours each and sleep for six hours. It stands to reason that we'll be more wide-awake than Brer Rabbit is! And when he takes the baby rabs to school, all tired-out, we can catch the whole lot!"

The other two thought that this was a mighty fine idea, so that very



same night they put their plan into action.

The first one to keep Brer Rabbit awake was Brer Wolf and for three whole hours he walked round and round the house, howling at the top of his voice.

Inside the house, Brer Rabbit and his family could not go to sleep at all with the noise of the howling.

At last the howling stopped, but before they could get any sleep, an even louder noise started up.

Brer Fox walked round and round the house, banging a spoon on a tin plate and shouting at the top of his voice: "Rabbit-pie! Rabbit-pie!"

And of course this put the Rabbit family off sleeping for another long three hours.

"Oh, my! I do feel sleepy," said one of the little baby rabs. "I won't be able to keep my eyes open tomorrow."

"And I won't be the same without





my usual nine hours sleep," yawned Brer Rabbit, standing at the window in his pyjamas. "And I have to keep frisky and wide-awake, or Brer Fox might catch me and have rabbit-pie for dinner."

At last Brer Fox stopped his tin-plate banging and hurried off to make up for his own three hours of lost sleep.

But there was still no sleep for Brer Rabbit.

Along came Brer Bear, feeling fine and frisky because he'd had all of six hours sleep.

He brought with him a large bell, and this he kept ringing and dinging as he marched around the house.

"Ding-dong-bell—all sleep well," he shouted.

You can imagine how much Brer Rabbit and his family were able to sleep that night, can't you? Not even a wink!

Next morning, Brer Fox and Brer Wolf and Brer Bear got together at the side of the road that led to the school.

"We're good and ready for that old Brer Rabbit when he comes along with the baby rabs," chuckled Brer Bear. "I kept them awake all right with my bell-ringing."

"And I reckon I scared them a bit by shouting about rabbit pie," said Brer Fox, licking his lips at the thought of it.

"I'll be howling for joy when we catch him," nodded Brer Wolf.

The three of them sat down on the grass by the road and waited.

And they waited and waited. Nobody came along the road at all.

"Where have they got to?" asked Brer Fox. "They couldn't have gone into school without us noticing them, for we've been in sight of the school gates all the time."

"Be patient," said Brer Bear who was so sure that his clever idea was going to work. "Maybe they'll be a bit late for school—and get a black mark!"

"They won't even get that, because I'll catch them long before they can get into school," smiled Brer Fox.

So they waited and waited a whole lot more. But still nobody came along the road.

"It's a nice day," remarked Brer Bear. "The sun's quite warm."

"M'm!" Brer Wolf agreed. "Mighty nice and warm."

Brer Fox stretched himself out a bit on the grass.

"I must say, this is really the most comfortable way of catching Brer Rabbit that could ever be thought of," he murmured. "What do you think, Brer Wolf?"

"M'm!" said Brer Wolf in a rather sleepy voice.

"M'm!" said Brer Bear in an even sleepier voice.

And soon all three of them were sound asleep and snoring!

It was late in the afternoon that Brer Rabbit passed that way and he laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Such sleepy-heads! What they didn't know was that school is closed today," he said. "We've all had a good sleep since morning and feel as frisky as ever."

It was hard luck on Brer Fox, Brer Wolf and Brer Bear—they'll have to get up real early to catch clever Brer Rabbit napping, won't they?

Here are two sets of Memory Test questions for the stories on pages 24 and 72.

1. What was the name of the most famous of mail coaches?
 2. How long did it take for the journey from London to Birmingham?
 3. What was the name of the inn shown in the picture?
-
1. What did people call the first motor-cars?
 2. What was the name given to a spot where a stream crossed the road?
 3. What did the farmer say to the stranded motorists?





This book belongs to

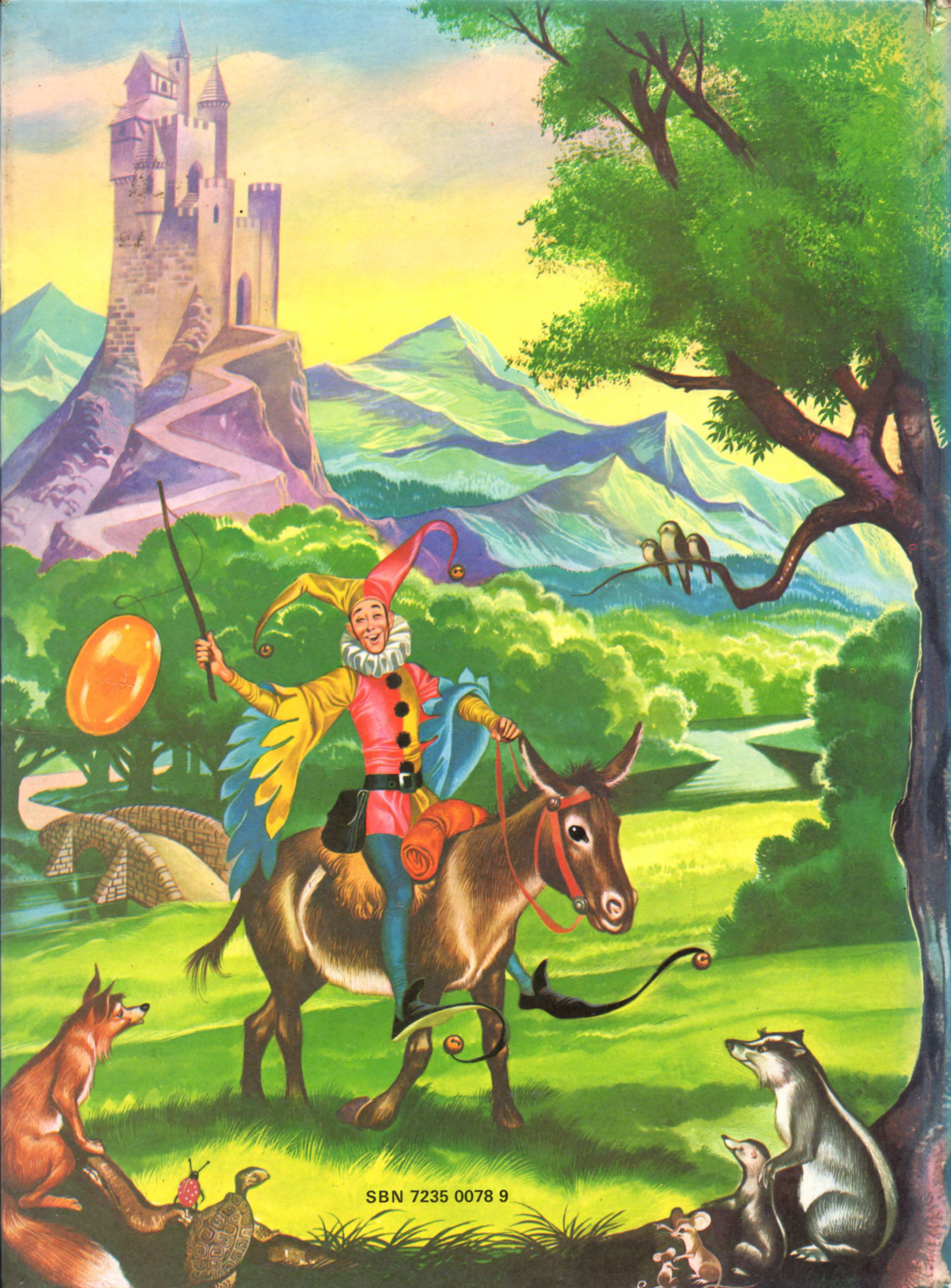
Name

Address

Age



*And so we come to the end of
the Once Upon A Time Annual
show. We hope that you have all
enjoyed it.*



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